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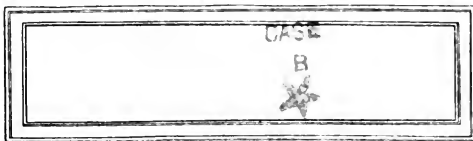
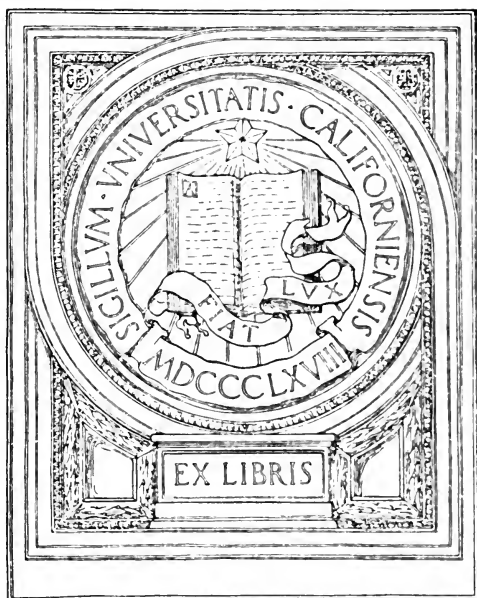
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*J. C. Huntington*  
**M. P.**

OR

# **THE BLUE-STOCKING,**

A

*COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS,*

First performed at the

**ENGLISH OPERA,**

*THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM,*

On **MONDAY, Sept. 9, 1811.**

The Music composed and selected by the Author of the Piece.—The Overture  
and Arrangements for the Orchestra by Mr. HORN.

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The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation.

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**London :**

**PRINTED BY W. CLOWES, NORTHUMBERLAND-COURT,  
FOR J. POWER, 34, STRAND;  
Of whom may be had the Whole of the Music.**

**1811.**

*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*

*Price 2s. 6d.*

TO VNU  
ALPHABET

## P R E F A C E.

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WHEN I gave this Piece to the Theatre, I had not the least intention of publishing it; because, however I may have hoped that it would be tolerated upon the stage, among those light summer productions which are laughed at for a season and forgotten, I was conscious how ill such fugitive trifles can bear to be imbodied into a literary form by publication. Among the motives which have influenced me to alter this purpose, the strongest, perhaps, is the pleasure I have felt in presenting the Copy-right of the Dialogue to Mr. POWER, as some little acknowledgment of the liberality which he has shown in the purchase of the Music. The Opera, altogether, has had a much better fate than I expected; and it would, perhaps, have been less successful in amusing the audience, if I had “*songé sérieusement à les faire rire.*” But, that the humble opinion which I express of its merits has not been adopted in complaisance to any of my critics, will appear by the follow-

ing extract from a letter which I addressed to the Licensor, for the purpose of prevailing upon him to restore certain passages, which he had thought proper to expunge as politically objectionable:—" You will perceive, Sir, by the true estimate which I make of my own nonsense, that, if your censorship were directed against bad jokes, &c. I should be much more ready to agree with you than I am at present. Indeed, in that case, the '*una litura*' would be sufficient."—I cannot advert to my correspondence with this Gentleman, without thanking him for the politeness and forbearance with which he attended to my remonstrances; though I suspect he will not quite coincide with those journalists, who have had the sagacity to discover symptoms of political servility\* in the dialogue.

Among the many wants which are experienced in these times, the want of a sufficient number of Critics will not, I think, be complained of by the most

\* This extraordinary charge was, I believe, founded upon the passage which alludes to the REGENT; and if it be *indeed* servility to look up with hope to the PRINCE, as the harbinger of better days to my wronged and insulted Country, and to expect that the friend of a FOX and a MOIRA will also be the friend of Liberty and of Ireland—if *this* be servility, in common with the great majority of my Countrymen, I am proud to say I plead guilty to the charge.



querulous. Indeed, the state of an Author now resembles very much that of the poor Laplander in winter, who has hardly time to light his little candle in the darkness, before myriads of insects swarm round to extinguish it. In the present instance, however, I have no reason to be angry with my censurers; for, upon weighing their strictures on this dramatic bagatelle, against the praises with which they have honoured my writings in general, I find the balance so flatteringly in my favour, that gratitude is the only sentiment which even the severest\* have awakened in me.

To Mr. ARNOLD, the Proprietor of the English Opera, I am indebted for many kindnesses and attentions; and though we have differed so materially in our opinions of this Piece, those, who know the side which he has taken in the dispute, will easily believe that it has not *very* much embittered my feelings towards him.

The Music, which I have ventured to compose for the Opera, owes whatever little dramatic effect it may possess to the skilful suggestions and arrangements of Mr. HORN; and I only fear that the delicacy, with which he has refrained from altering the

\* See the very elaborate Criticisms in *The Times*, of Tuesday, Sept. 10; and in *The Examiner*, of Sunday, Sept. 15.

Melodies, or even the Harmonies which I attempted, may have led him into sanctioning many ungraceful errors in both, which his better taste and judgment would have rejected.

To the Performers I am grateful for more than mere professional exertions; there was a kind zeal amongst them, a cordial anxiety for my success, which, I am proud to hear, has seldom been equalled.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Bury-street, St. James's,*  
*Oct. 9, 1811.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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<i>Sir Charles Canvas</i> .....	Mr. OXBERRY.
<i>Captain Canvas</i> .....	Mr. HORN.
<i>Henry de Rosier</i> .....	Mr. PHILIPPS.
<i>Mr. Hartington</i> .....	Mr. RAYMOND.
<i>Leatherhead</i> .....	Mr. LOVEGROVE.
<i>Davy</i> .....	Mr. KNIGHT.
<i>La Fosse</i> .....	Mr. WEWITZER.
<i>Lady Bab Blue</i> .....	Mrs. SPARKS.
<i>Madame de Rosier</i> .....	Mrs. HAMILTON.
<i>Miss Selwyn</i> .....	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
<i>Miss Hartington</i> .....	Miss KELLY.
<i>Susan</i> .....	Mrs. BLAND.

*Peasants, &c. &c.*

# THE HISTORY OF THE

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M. P.

OR,

## THE BLUE-STOCKING.

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### ACT I.

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SCENE I.—*The Beach—Boats coming to Land.*

#### BOAT-GLEE.

THE song, that lightens the languid way,  
When brows are glowing,  
And faint with rowing,  
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,  
To whose sound thro' life we stray.  
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,  
As we row along thro' waves so clear,  
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile  
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him, who sees  
With an eye that Feeling gave;—  
For him there's a story in ev'ry breeze,  
And a picture in ev'ry wave.

Then sing, to lighten the languid way ;—

When brows are glowing,

And faint with rowing :

'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,

To whose sound thro' life we stray.

*Sir Charles Canvas, Lady Bab Blue, Miss Hartington, Miss Selwyn, and Davy, land from the Boat.*

*Lady B.* What a charming clear morning! I protest we might almost see the coast of France.—Run, Davy, and fetch my telescope.

*Davy.* I wool, my Lady. [*Exit Davy to Boat.*]

*Sir Charles.* Ay, do, Davy—the French coast is a favourite view of mine.

*Miss Selwyn.* I thought, Sir Charles, your views lay nearer home.

*Sir C.* Hem—a hit at me for staying at home, while my brother is abroad fighting the enemy (*aside*). Why, really, Madam, if all the brains of the country were to be exported through the Admiralty and the War-Office, you would have none left for home consumption.—No—no—a few of *us* must stick to Old England, or her politics and fashions would be entirely neglected, and the devil would get amongst the ministers and the tailors.

*Miss Hartington.* You suppose then, Sir Charles, that our politics and our fashions may be safely intrusted to the same hands.

*Sir C.* Certainly, Madam—there is nothing like *us* for leading either the *ton* or the *Opposition*—for

*turning out* either an *equipage* or an *Administration*; and equally knowing on the *turf* and the *hustings*, if a favourite horse *breaks down*, or a new patriot *bolts*, we can start you fresh ones at the shortest notice.

*Miss S.* Your brother, however, seems to think, Sir Charles, that, on the quarter-deck of a British man of war, he may make himself at least *as* useful to his country, as if he passed all his time between a barouche-box and the Treasury Bench.

*Sir C.* That plaguy brother of mine is never out of her head (*aside*). Why, as to my brother—Miss Selwyn—my brother—in short, Madam, if my brother had not been in such a hurry to come into the world, but had waited decently like me till his mother was married, he would not only have saved the family some blushes, but would have possessed, of course, the title, the fortune, and all those cogent little reasons which I now have for keeping this head of mine out of gun-shot, and employing it *in the home department* at your service.

*Miss S.* His want of feeling upon this misfortune of his family is quite odious.—We must not stay to listen to him (*to Miss Hartington.*) Believe me, Sir Charles, you mistake the mode of recommending yourself, if you think to amuse by this display of levity upon a subject in which a parent's honour and a brother's interests are so very deeply and delicately concerned.—The rude hand of the world will be ready enough to lift the veil, without requiring *your* aid in the exposure. [*Exeunt Miss Hart. and Miss Selwyn.*]

*Sir C.* Ay—this now comes of talking facetiously upon grave subjects.—’Tis the way in *the House*, tho’, always—Adam Smith and Joe Miller well mixed, that’s your Parliamentary style of eloquence.—But what’s our old Polyhymnia about here? [*Turning to Lady Bab, who, during this time, has got the telescope, and is looking towards the sea.*]

*Lady B.* Well—positively—this is a most miraculous telescope—There—there he is again.

*Sir C.* May I ask what your Ladyship has found out?

*Lady B.* Something black and red, Sir Charles, that is moving on the coast opposite, which, my fond fancy persuades me, may be one of the great French chemists.—There, there he goes again, the dear man!—the black must be his face, and the red his night-cap—What wonderful discoveries he may be making at this moment!

*Sir C.* Not more wonderful than you are making yourself, I think, old lady!

*Lady B.* Come here, Davy, and try what *you* can observe—*Your* eyes have not suffered in the cause of science, like mine.

*Davy.* Why, noa—not much—and, ecod! sometimes, of an evening, I can see twice as much as other folk.—Like your Highland witches, I have a sight to spare.

*Sir C. (Aside.)* I never yet knew a learned lady, that did not delight in having a booby to shew off upon.—Whether it be in the shape of servant, lover,



or husband, these curious copies of Sappho generally have a calf-skin at their backs.

*Davy.* (*Looking through the glass.*) What colour did you say a chemist was, my Lady?

*Lady B.* (*smiling.*) Why, rather of the dingy than otherwise—the dark, sober, tinge of the laboratory. As my friend Dr. O’Jargon often says to me—‘Your ignorant people, Madam, have an objection to *dirt*—but *I* know what it is *composed of*, and am perfectly reconciled to it.’—And so he is, good man! he bears it like a philosopher.

*Davy.* By gum! I see it now, sailing away to windward like smoke.

*Lady B.* Sailing! you blockhead!

*Davy.* Ees—and if you had not tould me ’twas a chemist, I could have sworn ’twas a great collier from Newcastle.

*Lady B.* Ha! plenty of *the carbonic*, however!—But, pray, Sir Charles, what has become of my niece and Miss Hartington?

*Sir C.* Just *pair’d off*, Madam, as we say at St. Stephen’s, and left me in silent admiration of the ease with which your Ladyship’s vision can travel to the coast of France, while the eyes of this unlettered rustic can reach no farther than the middle of the Channel.

*Davy.* Well—come—to be half seas over is quite enough for any moderate man.

*Lady B.* Hold your familiar tongue, and follow me—Sir Charles, shall we try and find the young ladies?

*Sir C.* With all my heart—though, I assure your

Ladyship, the humour in which Miss Selwyn *adjourned the debate* made me rather fear that I was *put off till this day six months*.

*Lady B.* There are some of my *sex*, Sir Charles, like certain chemical substances—it is impossible to *melt* them, because they *fly off* in vapour during the process.—My niece, I confess, is of this fly-away nature; while *I*, alas! am but too *fusible*.—Come, Davy, bring the telescope safely after me.

[*Exeunt Sir C. and Lady B.*]

*Davy.* I wool, my Lady (*looking after her*).—What a comical thing your *larning* is!—Now, here am I, as a body may say, in the very thick on't.—Nothing but knowledge, genus, and what not, from morning till night, and yet, dang it, somehow, none of it sticks to me.—It wouldn't be so in other concerns—Now, in a public house for instance, I think I could hardly be among the liquors all day, without some of them finding their way into my mouth—But here's this larning—thof I be made a kind of accomplice in it by my lady, I am as innocent of it all as the Parson of our parish.

### SONG.—*Davy.*

Says Sammy, the tailor, to me,

As he sat with his spindles crossways,—

'Tis bekase I'm a poet, you see,

'That I kiver my head with green baize!'

So says I, 'For a sample I begs,'

And I'm shot if he didn't produce, Sir,

Some *crossticks* he wrote on his legs,

And a *pastern ode* to his goose, Sir.

Oh this writing and reading !  
 'Tis all a fine conjuration,  
 Made for folks of high breeding,  
 To bother themselves and the nation !

There's Dick, who sold wine in the lane,  
 And old Dickey himself did not tope ill ;  
 But politics turned his brain,  
 And a place he call'd Constantinople.  
 He never could sit down to dine,  
 But he thought of poor *Turkey*, he said, Sir ;  
 And swore, while he tippled his wine,  
 That the *Porte* was ne'er out of his head, Sir.  
 Oh this writing and reading ! &c. &c.

The grocer, Will Fig, who so fast  
 Thro' his cyphers and figures could run ye,  
 By gum ! he has nothing, at last,  
 But the cyphers to show for his money.  
 The barber, a scollard, well known  
 At the sign of the wig hanging from a tree,  
 Makes ev'ry head like his own,  
 For he cuts them all up into geometry !  
 Oh this writing and reading ! &c. &c.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Mr. HARTINGTON'S.*

*Enter Miss SELWYN and Miss HARTINGTON.*

*Miss Hart.* My dear Miss Selwyn—I am so happy for once to have you quietly in my father's house.—We never should have got so intimate in London.

*Miss Selwyn.* In London ! oh, never.—What with being at home to *nobody* in the morning, and being at

home to *every body* in the evening, there is no such thing as intimacy amongst us.—We are like those ladies of Bagdad, in ‘The Arabian Nights,’ who entertained strangers in their illuminated apartments, upon condition that they would not ask to know any thing further about them.

*Miss Hart.* But I had almost forgot Sir Charles Canvas.

*Miss S.* Nothing so likely to slip out of one’s memory, my dear.

*Miss Hart.* I am quite happy to hear you say so, as I rather feared Sir Charles was a lover of yours.

*Miss S.* And so he unfortunately is—He loves me with a sort of electioneering regard for the influence which my fortune would give him among the freeholders.—In short, he canvasses my heart and the county together, and for every *vow* expects a *vote*.

*Miss Hart.* I had always supposed till now that *Captain Canvas* was the elder of the two.

*Miss S.* You were right, my dear: he is older by a year than Sir Charles—But their father, the late Baronet, having married his lady privately in France, Captain Canvas was born before their marriage was avowed, and before the second solemnization of it, which took place publicly in England.—Though no one doubts the validity of the first union, yet the difficulty, indeed the impossibility, of proving it, from the total want of witness or document, has been taken advantage of by Sir Charles to usurp the title and fortune, while his brave and admirable brother is

carelessly wandering over the ocean, with no fortune but his sword, no title but his glory!

*Miss Hart.* I am not at all surprised at the warmth with which you speak of Captain Canvas—I knew him once very well (*sighs*).

*Miss S.* Very well, did you say, Miss Hartington?

*Miss Hart.* Oh! no—not—indeed scarcely at all.—I meant merely that I had seen him.—He was the friend of poor De Rosier (*aside*).

*Miss S.* That sigh—that confusion—yes—yes—I see it plain—she loves him too (*aside*).

[*Mr. Hartington's voice heard without.*

*Miss Hart.* My father's voice!—what a lucky relief! I am so happy, my dear Miss Selwyn, in the opportunity of introducing you to my father.—You must not be surprised at the oddity of his appearance—he is just now setting out upon one of those benevolent rambles, for which he dresses himself like the meanest of mankind; being convinced that, in this homely garb, he finds an easier access to the house of Misfortune, and that proud Misery unburdens her heart more freely for him who seems to share in her wants, than for him who ostentatiously comes to relieve them.

*Enter Mr. HARTINGTON, meanly dressed.*

*Miss Hart.* Dear father! my friend, Miss Selwyn.

*Mr. Hart.* I fear, Miss Selwyn, I shall alarm you by these tatters—Fine ladies, like crows, are apt to be frightened away by rags.

*Miss S.* When we know, Sir, the purpose for which this disguise is assumed, it looks brighter in our eyes than the gayest habiliments of fashion—for when charity——

*Mr. Hart.* Nay, nay, child, no flattery—You have learned these fine speeches from your aunt, Lady Bab, who is, if I mistake not, what the world calls a *Blue-Stocking*.

*Miss S.* In truth, Sir, I rather fear my aunt *has* incurred that title.

*Mr. Hart.* Yes—yes—I knew her father—he was a man of erudition himself, and, having no son to inherit his learning, was resolved to lay out every syllable of it upon this daughter, and accordingly stuffed her head with all that was legible and *illegible*, without once considering that the female intellect may possibly be too weak for such an experiment, and that, if guns were made of glass, we should be but idly employed in charging them.

*Miss S.* And would you, then, shut us out entirely from the light of learning?

*Mr. Hart.* No—no—learn as much as you please, but learn also to conceal it.—I could even bear a little peep at the blue-stockings, but save me from the woman who shews them up to her knees!

*Miss Hart.* Nay, father, you speak severely.

*Mr. Hart.* Perhaps I do, child, and lose my time in the bargain.—But, there, make Miss Selwyn welcome, while I go to my bureau to fill this little ammunition-pouch (*shewing a small leather purse*) for my day's sport among the cottages.—Oh, money!

money! let bullionists and paper-mongers say what they will, the true art of raising the value of a guinea is to share it with those, who are undeservedly in want of it! [*Exit.*

*Miss S. (looking after him)* Excellent man!

*Miss Hart.* But were you not a little shocked by the misery of his appearance?

*Miss S.* Oh! not at all.—He seems to me like one of those dark clouds, that lay between us and the moon last night—gloomy and forbidding on its outward surface, but lined with the silver light of heaven within!

DUET.—*Miss SELWYN and Miss HARTINGTON.*

'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping,  
Some gay-colour'd bark, moving gracefully by;  
No damp on her deck, but the even-tide's weeping,  
No breath in her sails, but the summer-wind's sigh.

Yet, who would not turn, with a fonder emotion,  
To gaze on the life-boat, tho' rugged and worn,  
Which often hath wafted, o'er hills of the ocean,  
The lost light of hope to the seaman forlorn?

Oh! grant that, of those, who, in life's sunny slumber,  
Around us, like summer-barks, idly have play'd,  
When storms are abroad, we may find, in the number,  
One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to our aid!

[*Exeunt.*

*Sir Charles (speaking without).* Miss Selwyn!  
your aunt has despatched me to say that—(*Enters*)  
—Miss Selwyn!—Miss Selwyn!—This saucy heiress

avoids me, as if I was a collector of the income-tax.—I see how it is—she has the impudence to dislike me without asking her aunt's consent—*negatives me without a division*—But I'll have her yet—I'll marry her (as I got into Parliament) for *opposition's sake*.—Snug house this of her friend Miss Hartington's.—Her father, I hear, a rich banker.—I rather suspect too that little Tory is somewhat taken with me.—She listened to every thing I said as attentively as a *Reporter*.—Well—egad!—in case I should fail in the one, I think I may as well make sure of the other.—‘Two strings to my bow, as *Lord Either-Side* says in *the House*.’—But who have we here?

*Enter Mr. HARTINGTON.*

Oh! some poor pensioner of the family, I suppose—One, too, who must have got his pension upon very honest terms, for his coat is evidently *not worth turning*.

*Mr. Hart.* Some troublesome visitor, that I must get rid of (*aside*).

*Sir C.* Pray, my good friend, is there any one at home?

*Mr. Hart.* No, Sir.

*Sir C.* I thought his *friends* were *out* by his looking so shabby (*aside*). And you, Sir, I presume, are a quarterly visitor to this family—or monthly, perhaps—or weekly—the *Treasury*, I know, pays quarterly.

*Mr. Hart.* It is true, Sir, I am dependent upon the master of this house for all the comfort and happiness I enjoy.



*Sir C.* I knew it—at the first glance I knew it.—Let me alone for the physiognomy of *placemen* and *pensioners*—from the careless smile of the *sinecure holder*, to the keen forward-looking eye of the *reversionist*.—This fellow may be useful to me (*aside*).—And what are the services, pray, which you render in return to your benefactor?

*Mr. Hart.* The smile, Sir, which his good actions always leave upon my cheek, and the sweet sleep which he knows I enjoy, after witnessing the happy effects of his charity, are ample repayment to him for the utmost efforts of his benevolence.

*Sir C.* Then, upon my soul, he is more easily paid than any of those *I* have ever had dealings with.—I could smile bright or sleep heavy; but the guineas, being both bright and heavy, were always preferred to my smiling and sleeping.

*Mr. Hart.* I shall be kept here all day by this troublesome coxcomb (*aside*). Your pardon, Sir, I have some business to transact for Mr. Hartington.

*Sir C.* Stay, my fine fellow, just one minute.—How should you like to have an opportunity of serving your benefactor, and *receiving the thanks* of this *honourable house* for your good offices?

*Mr. Hart.* Every thing that concerns Mr. Hartington, Sir, is as dear to me as my own immediate interests.

*Sir C.* Exactly what we say of Great-Britain in *the House*—‘Every thing that concerns Great Britain is as dear to me (*mimicking*)——’ But, I say, my old *pensioner*, you know the boarding-house down

street? (*Mr. H. nods his head.*) Good feeding there, by the bye—*commons* fit for *Lords*—only that *the bills* are brought in too *early in the session*—But call upon me there to-morrow or next day, and I'll employ you in some way that may be useful to you.—In the mean time, as old Hartington seems to have a few amiable oddities about charity and so forth, you can tell him, if you have an opportunity, that *I* too have a wonderful taste that way.—Oh! you smile, Sir, do you? Well, then, to shew you that *I have*, here's—(*takes out his purse*)—yet stay—just wait till my friends come into power, and, as I think you love tippling, I'll get you made a gauger, you dog!

*Mr. Hart.* Keep your patronage, Sir, for those who want it, and, above all, for those who deserve it.—The master of this house is, thank Heaven! the only patron *I* require.—Let but my conduct meet with *his* approbation, and I may look up, with hope, to that highest of places, which the power of monarchs cannot give, nor the caprices of this world deprive me of. [*Exit.*]

*Sir C.* Well said, old boy—though, for the soul of me, I cannot imagine what is the *Place* he alludes to.—'Tis not in *the Red-Book*, I'm sure—But no matter—he may be useful in delivering a billet-doux for me to Miss Hartington.—Cursed troublesome things those billet-doux! When I'm *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, I mean to propose a *tax* on them—(*mimicking some public speaker*)—' Mr. Chairman! I move that all love-dealings shall be transacted upon *stamps*.—Soft nonsense, Sir, upon a *onc-and-sixpenny*

—when the passion is to any amount, an eighteen-pen'orth more—and a proposal for marriage——' No—curse it—I'll not lay any thing additional upon marriage.—It never came under the head of *luxuries*, and is quite tax enough in itself. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in Mr. HARTINGTON'S House.*

*Enter Miss HARTINGTON.*

*Miss Hart.* How long this loitering girl is away! my heart sickens with anxiety for her return.—It cannot surely be De Rosier whom I saw at the library—and yet his features, air, manner, altogether scarcely leave a doubt upon my heart.—Oh, De Rosier! What strange caprice of Fortune can have lowered thy station in life so suddenly?—And yet, wealth was not the charm that attracted me, nor could riches shed one additional grace upon that which is bright and estimable already.

SONG.—*Miss Hartington.*

When Leila touch'd the lute,  
 Not *then* alone 'twas felt,  
 But, when the sounds were mute,  
 In memory still they dwelt.  
 Sweet lute! in nightly slumbers  
 Still we heard thy morning numbers,  
 Ah! how could she, who stole  
 Such breath from simple wire,  
 Be led, in pride of soul,  
 To string with gold her lyre?  
 Sweet lute! thy chords she breaketh;  
 Golden now the strings she waketh!

But where are all the tales  
 Her lute so sweetly told ?  
 In lofty themes she fails,  
 And soft ones suit not gold.  
 Rich lute ! we see thee glisten,  
 But, alas ! no more we listen !

*Enter SUSAN.*

Well—dear Susan ! what news ?

*Susan.* Why, you see, Miss, I went to the circulating library, and as I forgot the name of the book you bid me get, I thought I would ask for one of my own choosing.—So, says I, ‘Sir, Miss Hartington sent me for the Comical Magazine, with the blue and red cuts in it;’ upon which he blushed up, and——

*Miss Hart.* Who blushed ? tell me—is it he ? is it, indeed, Mr. De Rosier ?

*Susan.* La ! Miss—there’s no comfort in telling you a story—you are always in such a hurry to get at the contents of it.

*Miss Hart.* Nay, but, my dear Susan !

*Susan.* Well—if you *will* have it all at once—it is he—it is the same elegant young Mr. De Rosy, who used to walk by the windows in London to admire you—and there he is now behind the counter of that library, with a pen stuck in his beautiful ear, and his nice white hands all over with the dust of them dirty little story-books.

*Miss Hart.* There’s a mystery in this, which I cannot account for.—I *did* indeed hear from one, who

knew him well, that he depended upon precarious remittances from France—but “ then——

“ *Susan.* Lord—Miss—your emigrants are always  
 “ purcarious people—tho’, indeed, to give the devil  
 “ his due, Mr. De Rosy is as little like one as may  
 “ be—for, I purtest and wow, he speaks English al-  
 “ most as well as myself; and he used to give a  
 “ pound-note as prettily as if he had been a banker’s  
 “ clerk all his life-time.

“ *Miss Hart.* He has given you money, then,  
 “ Susan?

“ *Susan.* Once in a way, Miss—a trifle or so—  
 “ and, God knows! I earn’d it well by answering all  
 “ his troublesome questions about *who* were your  
 “ visitors, and *who* you liked best, and whether you  
 “ ever talked of him after the night he danced with  
 “ you at the ball.

“ *Miss Hart.* That night! the only time I ever  
 “ heard his voice! And” did he seem to know you  
 to-day, Susan?

*Susan.* Indeed, Miss, I made believe not to know  
*him*—for I have lived too long among my betters not  
 to larn, that it is bad taste to go on knowing people,  
 after they have come into misfortune.—But when I  
 told him you sent me for the Comical Magazine, with  
 the blue and red cuts in it, la! how he did blush and  
 stare!

*Miss Hart.* What a taste must he impute to me!  
 It would be imprudent—perhaps cruel—to go there  
 myself—and yet I feel I cannot resist the inclination.  
 —Give me the catalogue, Susan, and in a quarter of

an hour hence bring my walking-dress to the drawing-room. (*Goes out reading the catalogue*). ‘Fatal Attachment.’—‘Victim of Poverty.’ Heigh ho! [*Exit*.

*Susan*. Ay—Heigh ho! indeed.—It must be a very, very stout, hardy love, that will not take cold, when the poverty season sets in—for it is but too true what some fine poet has said, that ‘When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out of the window.’

SONG.—*Susan*.

Young Love liv'd once in an humble shed,  
Where roses breathing,  
And woodbines wreathing  
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,  
As wild and sweet as the life he led.  
His garden flourish'd,  
For young Hope nourish'd  
The infant buds with beams and showers;  
But lips, tho' blooming, must still be fed,  
And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye  
Should e'er come hither,  
Such sweets to wither!  
The flowers laid down their heads to die,  
And Hope fell sick, as the witch drew nigh.  
She came one morning,  
Ere Love had warning,  
And rais'd the latch, where the young god lay;  
‘Oh ho!’ said Love—‘is it you? good bye;’  
So he oped the window, and flew away!

[*Exit*,

SCENE IV.—*A Circulating Library.**Enter LEATHERHEAD.*

*Leath.* Bless me! Bless me! Where is this fine gentleman, my shopkeeper? Idling his time, I warrant him, with some of the best-bound books in the shop.—Ah! 'tis a foolish thing for a scholar to turn bookseller—just as foolish as it is for a jolly fellow to turn wine-merchant;—they both serve themselves before their customers, and the knowledge and the wine all get into their own heads. And your poets too!—extraordinary odd-fish!—only fit to be served up at the tables of us booksellers—who feed upon them, as the dogs fed upon poor Rumble's Pegasus.

SONG.—*Leatherhead.*

Robert Rumble, a poet of lyric renown,  
 Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!  
 Was invited to dine with a 'Squire out of town,  
 With his hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!  
 His nag had a string-halt, as well as his lyre,  
 So he mounted and rode to the house of the 'Squire,  
 Who was one of those kind-hearted men, that keep hounds  
 Just to hunt off the vermin from other men's grounds,  
 With my hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!

The huntsman that morning had bought an old hack,  
 Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!  
 To cut up as a delicate lunch for the pack,  
 With my hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!

But who can describe Robert Rumble's dismay,  
 When the 'Squire, after dinner, came smirking to say,  
 That, instead of the dog-horse, some hard-hearted wag  
 Had cut up, by mistake, Robert Rumble's lean nag,  
 With his hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !

But ' Comfort yourself,' said the 'Squire to the Bard,  
 Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !  
 ' There's the dog-horse still standing alive in the yard,'  
 With my hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !  
 Then they saddled the dog-horse, and homeward he set,  
 So suspiciously ey'd by each dog that he met,  
 That you'd swear, notwithstanding his cavalry airs,  
 They suspected the steed he was on should be *theirs*,  
 With my hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !

Arriv'd safe at home, to his pillow he jogs,  
 Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !  
 And dreams all the night about critics and dogs,  
 With his hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !  
 His nag seem'd a Pegasus, touch'd in the wind,  
 And the curs were all wits, of the true Cynic kind,  
 Who, when press'd for a supper, must bite ere they sup,  
 And who ate Robert Rumble's poor Pegasus up,  
 With a hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !

Why, De Rosier!—Mr. De Rosier! I say—

*Enter HENRY DE ROSIER, with a Book in his Hand.*

*Leath.* What is the meaning of all this, Sir?  
 What have you been about? Do you mean to ruin  
 me?

*De Ros.* I ask pardon, Sir—I have been just  
 looking over the last new publication, to see if it be  
 fit for the young ladies of the boarding-school.

*Leath.* Which is as much as to say, Sir. that you



would sooner ruin *me* than the young ladies of the boarding-school! I am ashamed of you.

*De Ros.* I really thought, Sir, I had done every thing that—

*Leath.* Done, Sir? every thing's *undone*, Sir;—and I shall be so myself very soon. Here's books to go out, Sir, and they won't walk of themselves, will they? Here's *Tricks upon Travellers*, bespoke by Mrs. Ringwell, who keeps the Red Fox; and there's the *Road to Ruin* for the young 'Squire, that sets off for London to-night. Here are parcels too to go by the coach—*Ovid's Art of Love* to be left at the *Transport Office*; and the *Lady of the Lake* to be delivered at the *Lying-in Hospital*.

*De Ros.* We have had a new subscriber this morning, Sir—Miss Hartington.

*Leath.* (*Bustling among the books on the counter*). So much the better—hope she's a good one—reads clean and neat—won't double down the corners, or favour us with proof impressions of her thumbs. Come; put these volumes back in their places.—Lord! Lord! how my customers ill-use my books! Here's nothing but scribbling in the *Lives of the Poets*; and—dear me—the *World* all turn'd topsy-turvy by Miss Do-little! There's our best set of *Public Characters* have been torn to pieces at the Good-natured Club; and—bless me!—bless me!—how the *Wild Irish Girl* has been tossed and tumbled by Captain O'Callaghan! There—that will do—now mind you don't stir from this till I come back;—I am just going to remind neighbour Rumble that he forgot to pay for the *Pleasures of Memory*; and then

I have to step to the pawnbroker's up street, to redeem the *Wealth of Nations*, which poor Mr. Pamphlet popped there for a five-and-sixpenny dollar.— Bless me ! bless me ! how my customers ill-use my books ! [Exit.]

*De Ros.* There is some little difference between this and the gay sphere I mov'd in, when Miss Hartington's beauty first disturbed my mind ; when, through the crowded world I saw but her alone, and felt her influence even where she was not. Well—the short dream is over !—the support of a beloved mother must now sweeten the toil to which I am destined ; and he but little deserves the smile of Fortune, who has not the manliness to defy her frown. Besides, Heaven has blessed me with that happy imagination, which retains the impressions of past pleasure, as the Bologna-stone treasures up sunbeams ; and the light of *one* joy scarcely ever faded from my heart, before I had somehow contrived to illuminate its place with *another*.

SONG.—*Henry De Rosier.*

Spirit of joy ! thy altar lies  
 In youthful hearts, that hope like mine,  
 And 'tis the light of laughing eyes  
 That leads us to thy fairy shrine.  
 There if we find the sigh, the tear,  
 They are not those to sorrow known,  
 But breath so soft, and drops so clear,  
 That Bliss may claim them for her own.  
 Then give me, give me, while I weep,  
 The sanguine hope that brightens woe,  
 And teaches even our tears to keep  
 The tinge of rapture while they flow.

The child, who sees the dew of night  
 Upon the spangled hedge at morn,  
 Attempts to catch the drops of light,  
 But wounds his finger with the thorn.  
 Thus oft the brightest joys we seek  
 Dissolve, when touch'd, and turn to pain;  
 The flush they kindle leaves the cheek,  
 The tears they waken long remain.  
 But give me, give me, while I weep,  
 The sanguine hope that brightens woe,  
 And teaches even our tears to keep  
 The tinge of rapture while they flow.

(*Looking out*). 'Tis Miss Hartington herself—  
 and this way she comes—How shall I avoid her? Yet,  
 no; since hope is fled, come, honest pride! to my  
 relief, and let me meet my fate unshrinkingly. I  
 must not, however, seem to know her; nor let her,  
 if possible, recognize me. [*He retires to the counter.*]

*Enter Miss HARTINGTON and SUSAN.*

*Miss Hart.* Yes; there he is. How alter'd from  
 the lively, fashionable, De Rosier!

*Susan.* I told you, Miss, what a figure he cuts;  
 but I'm glad to see he has taken the black pen out of  
 his ear.

*Miss Hart.* I surely ought to acknowledge him;  
 he will think me proud and cold if I do not.—Mr. De  
 Rosier—

*Susan.* *Mister*, indeed! La! Miss, you would  
 not *Mister* a shopkeeper, would you? Let me speak  
 to him—Young man!

*Miss Hart.* (*Drawing Susan back*). Hush! Susan,  
 for Heaven's sake.

*De Ros.* (*Coming forward*). Is there any book, Madam, you wish me to look out for you?

*Miss Hart.* No—Sir—but——

*De Ros.* On this shelf, Madam, lie the French Memoirs, which are, of course, not unknown to you—

*Miss Hart.* They are very interesting, but—

“*De Ros.* Oh! most particularly so (*turning away from her, and talking rapidly*).—While history shews us events and characters, as they appeared on the grand theatre of public affairs, these Memoirs conduct us into the green-room of politics, where we observe the little intrigues and jealousies of the actors, and witness the rehearsal of those scenes which dazzle and delude in representation.

“*Susan.* Ah! he wouldn't have talked politics to her so when he was a gentleman (*aside*).

“*Miss Hart.*” It was not for this purpose, Mr. De Rosier, that—

*De Ros.* Oh, your pardon—Madam—then perhaps you prefer the Poets here (*pointing to another shelf*).

*Susan.* Lord, no, young man!—She hates poverty and all its kin, I assure you.

*Miss Hart.* I desire that you will be silent, Susan—he will think that we come to sport with his misfortunes.

*De Ros.* The few English Poets, who have worshipped Love—(*He looks at Miss Hartington, and both become confused*).

*Susan.* Oh ho!

*De Ros.* I must not forget myself—(*aside*). I

was saying, Madam, that the few English Poets, who have worshipped Love, seem so coldly ignorant of his power and attributes, that the shrine, which they raise to him, might be inscribed, like the famous altar at Athens, ‘to the unknown God.’ “Cowley here, “and Donne (*taking down two books*), are the chief “of these unenlightened idolaters”—far from wishing us to *feel* what they write, they appear very unwilling that we should even *understand* it; and having learned from mythology that Love is the child of Night, they visit upon the *son* all the coldest obscurity of the *parent*. “There is nothing less touching than these quibbling, pedantic lovers, who “seem to think that their mistresses, like the Queen “of Sheba, are to be won by riddles.”

*Miss Hart.* I perceive that he is determined not to acknowledge me; yet, if he could but know what is passing here (*laying her hand on her heart*) at this moment, he would not, perhaps, regret that Fate has disturb’d the balance between us; since just as much as *fortune* has *sunk* on *his* side, I feel that *love* has *risen* on *mine*.

*Susan.* La! come away, Miss—I’m sure it can’t be proper things he’s saying to you; for I never heard such rigmarole words in my born days.

*De Ros.* But here is a Poet born in a softer clime, who seems to breathe the true temperature of affection—the air of that habitable zone of the heart, which is equally removed from the bright frost-work of sentiment on one side, and the tainting meridian of the senses on the other.

TRIO.—*Miss Hartington, Susan, and De Rosier.*

To sigh, yet feel no pain,  
 To weep, yet scarce know why;  
 To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,  
 Then throw it idly by;—  
 To kneel at many a shrine,  
 Yet lay the heart on none;  
 To think all other charms divine,  
 But those we just have won;—  
 This is love—careless love—  
 Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame  
 Thro' life, unchill'd, unmov'd;  
 To love, in wintry age, the same  
 That first in youth we lov'd;  
 To feel that we adore  
 To such refin'd excess,  
 That tho' the heart would break with *more*,  
 We could not live with *less*;—  
 This is love—faithful love,—  
 Such as saints might feel above!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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## ACT II.

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SCENE.—*Part of the Race-Ground.*

*A Crowd of Peasants, Hawkers, &c. among whom are  
DAVY and LA FOSSE.*

SONG.—DAVY, *and Chorus of Peasants.*

COME, lads, life's a whirligig;  
Round we whisk  
With a joyous frisk,  
And till death stops the turn of our twirligig,  
Merry go round's the life for me.  
You, standing surly there,  
You, with the curly hair,  
Dick, that's laughing here,  
Tom, that's quaffing here,  
You too, my gipsy lass,  
Spite of your lips, alas!  
All must give up this world of glee.

Then come, lads, life's a whirligig;  
Round we whisk  
With a joyous frisk,  
And till death stops the turn of our twirligig,  
Merry go round's the life for me.

Time's short—but we'll have our fun of it;

Life a race is,

That tries our paces,

And, when Mirth makes a good run of it,

Devil may take the hindmost for me.

Lads that love filling bowls,

Girls that have willing souls,

These can soothe the way,

Roll life smooth away.

While there's a glass to drink,

While there's a lass to wink,

Who would give up this world of glee?

So come, lads, life's a whirligig, &c. &c.

*Davy.* Come, lads, the races are just nigh to begin—There's John Bull going up the hill—Two to one on John Bull—Dang it! that's my favourite horse (*looking out*).

*La Fosse.* Oui—certainly—that Bull is vare pretty horse.

*Davy.* Just look how noble-minded he steps. Old Monsieur here must be taken in for a bit of a bet, I think (*aside*).—Come, boys!—Oh, zounds! (*looking out*) here's my old *litter of a Lady*, as she calls herself; and now shall I be tied behind her all day, and not get a sight of John Bull or Cronyhotontollygos.—But I say, lads, stand before me a little—mayhap, as she ha'nt got her *tellumscope*, she'll not spy me out. (*They stand round him*).

*Enter Lady BAB and Miss HARTINGTON.*

*Miss S.* Nay, my dear aunt—

*Lady B.* I tell you, Miss, my resolution is fixed—'pon my word, I believe you think I am like a



*moveable pulley in mechanics*, to be twirled about just as it suits your fancy.

*Miss S.* Oh Madam! if you did but see Captain Canvas—so unlike his brother!

*Lady B.* I don't care for that, Miss—I never did see him, nor ever will—that's categorical.

*Davy.* (*Behind.*) She says she won't see me—

*Lady B.* And as I perceive by your reveries, young Lady, that you think there is some chance of his arriving here, I will give positive orders that he shall not be admitted—no—not even within the *penumbra* of my roof—where's that fool, Davy?

*Davy.* Here, my Lady (*coming forth from the crowd, who all run off laughing, except the Frenchman.*)

*Lady B.* Why, what's all this, Sir?

*Davy.* Why, my Lady—you see—I ware only giving a piece of my advice to this poor outlandish Mounseer here, not to let the knowing chaps trick him out of his half-pence at the Races.

*La Fosse.* (*Advancing with bows.*) Oui—my Lady—Jean Bull—

*Davy.* Hush, mon! (*putting his hand on his mouth.*)

*Lady B.* Run home, fellow, instantly, and tell the servants, that if a gentleman, of the name of Captain Canvas, should call, he is to be told that we have given orders not to admit him—Captain Canvas, mind—Sir Charles's brother—and then return hither instantly to attend me to the Stand-House—Fly.

*Davy.* I fly, my Lady. (*He beckons to La Fosse to follow him, and exit.*)

*La Fosse.* Oui—certainly—but I cannot fly.—  
[*Exit after Davy.*]

*Lady B.* I'll teach you, Miss, what it is to fall in love without consulting your relations.—I declare the young ladies of the present day shock me.—Quite *reversing* the qualities of what we chemists call the *perfect metals*, they are any thing but *ductile*, and most shamefully *combustible*.—It was very different in *my* time.

*Miss S.* Nay, do not, dear aunt, take example by those times, when marriage was a kind of slave-trade, and when Interest carried her unfeeling commerce even into the warm latitudes of youth and beauty—No—let Love banish such traffic from his dominions, and let Woman, mistress of her freedom, resign it only with her—heart!

### SONG.—*Miss Selwyn.*

Dear aunt! in the olden time of love,  
When women like slaves were spurn'd,  
A maid gave her *heart*, as she would her *glove*,  
To be teased by a fop, and—returned;  
But women grow wiser as men improve,  
And tho' beaus like monkeys amuse us,  
Oh! think not we'd give such a delicate gem  
As the heart, to be play'd with or sullied by them;  
No—dearest aunt! excuse us.

We may know by the head on Cupid's seal  
What impression the heart will take;  
If shallow the head, oh! soon we feel  
What a poor impression 'twill make.

Tho' plagued, Heaven knows! by the foolish zeal  
 Of the fondling fop who pursues me,  
 Oh! think not I'd follow their desperate rule,  
 Who get rid of the folly by wedding the fool;  
 No—dearest aunt! excuse me.

*Enter Sir CHARLES, in a Hurry.*

*Sir C.* Ladies—Ladies—Ladies—you'll be too late  
 —you'll be too late.

*Lady B.* What! have the Races begun, Sir Charles?

*Sir C.* Begun?—yes—to be sure they have begun  
 —there's the high-blooded horse Regent has just  
 started, and has set off in such a style as promises a  
 race of glory!

[DAVY enters.]

*Lady B.* Bless me! I wouldn't lose it for the  
 “ world—Here, blockhead (*to Davy*), take this vo-  
 “ lume out of my pocket—'tis Professor Plod's Syl-  
 “ labus of a Course of Lectures upon Lead, and much  
 “ too heavy to walk up hills with. (*Gives him a large*  
 “ *book.*) Now—Sir Charles.

*Sir C.* Come—Madam—you'll be delighted—I  
 “ am but just this moment come from the House—(I  
 “ mean the Stand-House), where the knowing-ones  
 “ take different sides, you understand, according as  
 “ they think a horse will be *in* or *out*—but upon  
 “ this start they are all *nem. con.* and the universal  
 “ cry from all sides is Regent against the field! Huzza!  
 “ Huzza!” [Exeunt.

*Davy.* I say—Mounseer—Mounseer (*calling on*  
*La Fosse*). I must follow the old-one now—but do  
 you, you see, come up behind the Stand-House by-

and-by, just as if you had no concern, you know, and you and I will have a snug bet upon Cronyhotontollygos. [*Erit.*]

*La Fosse.* Ah! oui—certainly—sure—good Master Davy—Dam rogue! he want to get at my money—but, pardi! he as well look for brains in an oyster—Ah! my money be all gone vid my cookery! every ting but my poor tabatiere here (*pauses, and looks with interest at his snuff-box*). Ah mon cher maitre! you vas fond of my cookery, and I vas grand artiste in dat vay, to be sure—but now, by gar, I am like to debarber widout customer, I have not even one sheep-head to dress—My Lady, Madame de Rosier, eat noting at all—young Monsieur de Rosier eat little *or* noting—and moi pauvre moi!—I eat little *and* noting, just as it happen—Ah! de Revolution destroy all de fine arts, and eating among de rest! [*Retires.*]

*Enter Captain CANVAS.*

*Capt. C.* Faithless, faithless sex! your hearts are like the waves, that keep no trace of us when we have left them—another love soon follows in our wake, and the same bright embrace is ready for it.—My letter apprized her of my return, and yet here, instead of a smiling welcome, I find her doors are shut against me.—Brother! Brother! I could resign to you with ease the rank and fortune to which I am entitled—nay, even the brand of illegitimacy I could smile at;—but to see you thus bear away from me the dearest object of my affections, is more than even this tough sailor's heart can endure.—My poor de-

parted messmate! like thine, alas! has been my fate  
in love—like thine, too, be my destiny in death!

SONG.—*Capt. Canvas.*

When Charles was deceiv'd by the maid he lov'd,  
We saw no cloud his brow o'ercasting,  
But proudly he smil'd, as if gay and unmov'd,  
Tho' the wound in his heart was deep and lasting;  
And often, at night, when the tempest roll'd,  
He sung, as he paced the dark deck over,  
' Blow, wind, blow! thou art not so cold  
As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover!

Yet he liv'd with the happy, and seem'd to be gay,  
Tho' the wound but sunk more deep for concealing;  
And Fortune threw many a thorn in his way,  
Which, true to *one* anguish, he trod without feeling!  
And, still by the frowning of Fate unsubdued,  
He sung, as if sorrow had plac'd him above her,  
' Frown, Fate, frown! thou art not so rude  
As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover!

At length his career found a close in death,  
The close he long wish'd to his cheerless roving,  
For Victory shone on his latest breath,  
And he died in a cause of his heart's approving.  
But still he remember'd his sorrow,—and still  
He sung, till the vision of life was over,—  
' Come, death, come! thou art not so chill  
As the heart of the maid that deceiv'd her lover!

I must find out De Rosier—They told me, at his former lodgings in town, that he had retired hither for his health—Pray, friend, can you direct me to the house of Mr. Leatherhead, the bookseller?

*La Fosse.* Ah! oui—Sare—yes—vare well indeed—dat is vare my young master is bound up in a shop-man (*aside*).

*Capt. C.* Does a gentleman of the name of De Rosier lodge there?

*La Fosse.* Oui—Sare—he lodge thre in the shop.

*Capt. C.* The shop?

*La Fosse.* Yes—Sare—in de shop—pon de book-shelf, vat you call—

*Capt. C.* Oh! I understand you—always among the books—I know De Rosier is of a studious turn—He does not then see much company, I suppose?

*La Fosse.* Pardon—Monsieur—all de young ladies of dis place make visit to him exactement as they come out of de water.

*Capt. C.* Indeed?

*La Fosse.* Oh! yes—he have de name of all de pretty little girl down in von book.

*Capt. C.* Happy De Rosier! who can thus trifle away your time in those light gallantries, which require so little expenditure of feeling to maintain them, and for which the loose coin of the senses is sufficient, without drawing upon the capital of the heart—while I—oh, Harriet Selwyn! what a rich mine of affection have you slighted!

*La Fosse.* Dis way, Sare.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*The Circulating Library.*

*Enter SUSAN and DE ROSIER.*

*Susan.* (*Looking at a bank-note.*)—Well, I pur-

test, Sir, you are quite yourself again—and if you had but a three-corner hat on you now, you'd be just as much a gentleman as ever.

*De Ros.* Come then—now—my good Susan—do tell me what are those little favourable symptoms, which you think you have discovered for me in your mistress.

*Susan.* Why, in the first place, she says so often you are not worth thinking of, that it is very plain she thinks of nothing else—And then she is as jealous of you——

*De Ros.* Nay, Susan, there you mock me—jealous of me!—these books are my only mistresses; and fashionable ones they are, I grant, for they circulate through half the town.

*Susan.* These books indeed! no—no—Mr. De Rosy—for all you look so modest, we have found out the lady in the cottage down the lane, so we have—She that was smuggled over to you, you know, from France.

*De Ros.* My mother, by all that is excellent! (*aside*)—and she is jealous of me, is she? Did she trace me to the cottage herself? What does she say of it? tell me—tell me quick, dear Susan (*with impatience*).

*Susan.* Well, if ever I saw any thing so audacious—he does not even deny it—hasn't even the virtue to tell a lie about it—I'll be hanged if I don't now believe every word they said about you last-night at the tea-party.

*De Ros.* Why—what did they say, good Susan?—oh, happiness unexpected! (*aside*).

*Susan.* They said you had as many wives as the great Cram of Tartary; that your Lady in the lane was a French Duchess or thereabouts, that smuggled herself over to you in a large packing-case, purtending to be crockery-ware—pretty crockery, indeed!

*De Ros.* This discovery gives me new life—jealous of me!

*Susan.* There—if he isn't quite proud of the discovery! oh rakery! rakery! but I'll go and tell it all to my mistress—Lord! Lord! what will the times come to, when Duchesses are sent about, like *other* brittle ware, in packing-cases? [*Exit Susan.*]

*De Ros.* Jealousy! thou shadow from Love's form, which still the darker falls the warmer light he moves in—her heart has felt thee, then—Happy, happy De Rosier!—It may be folly perhaps to feel so happy, but Wisdom herself can do no more—and there is nothing in life like that sweet philosophy, which softens all that is painful, and enhances all that is pleasant, by making the best of the one, and the most of the other. [*Exit.*]

*Enter LEATHERHEAD.*

*Leath.* (*Calling.*) Mr. De Rosier! Why, De Rosier, I say.—If this young Frenchman keeps me bawling after him this way, I shall split my voice into two, like Orator Puff, of the Debating Society, whose eloquence is a happy mixture of bubble and squeak—and who begins all his sentences in the garret, and ends them in the cellar (*mimicking*).



SONG.—*Leatherhead.*

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,

The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so* ;  
In each sentence he utter'd he gave you your choice,  
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.

Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,

One voice for one orator's surely enough,

But he still talk'd away, spite of coughs and of frowns,  
So distracting all ears with his *ups* and his *downs*,  
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say

' My voice is for war,'—ask'd him, ' *Whick* of them, pray ?'

Oh ! oh ! &c.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy with gin,

And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the Crown,  
He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,

' Sinking Fund' the last words as his noddle came down.

Oh ! oh ! &c.

' Good Lord !' he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,

' Help me out—help me out—I have broken my bones !'

' Help you out !' said a Paddy who pass'd, ' what a bother !'

' Why, there's *two* of you there ; can't you help one another ?'

Oh ! oh ! &c.

Oh ! you are here, Sir, are you ?

*Enter DE ROSIER, with printed Sheets in his Hand.*

*Leath.* So—So—a specimen of my new printing-press—A bright thought of mine, Mr. Thing-o-me, wasn't it, eh ?

*De Ros.* Oh ! excellent—Sir (*laughing*).

*Leath.* I think so—Poet Rumble here must have sent to London, if I couldn't print for him.

*De Ros.* Oh! most inconvenient, Sir,—his Pindarics must have gone by the waggon, and his Epigrams by the long heavy coach—Ha! ha! ha!

*Leath.* Ha! ha! ha!—Damn the fellow, I believe he is laughing at my printing-press (*aside*). But let's see—let's see—how goes on my new compositor?

*De Ros.* Why, pretty well—Sir—he generally puts one word in place for another, which, in poetry like Mr. Rumble's, does not make much difference. Indeed, as in the *militia*, the substitute is always a better man than the principal, so here in the *line*—I mean Mr. Dactyl's line, Sir; you'll excuse me—ha! ha! ha!

*Leath.* Curse the grinning puppy! I wish the types were down his throat, large Roman letters and all (*aside*).

*De Ros.* Allow me to give you an instance or two, Sir, of your printer's happy deviation from the copy (*reads*). 'The dear and fragrant sigh of infancy,' he has converted into a 'dire and flagrant sign of infamy;'—'sweets of morning,' he has turned into 'suits of mourning;'—and 'haunted by all the mellow dreams of Horace,' he has made 'hunted by all the melo-dramas of horses!' Ha! ha! ha!

*Leath.* Ha! ha!—Impudent rascal! how merry he is!—but I'll teach him to take liberties with the press, the jacobin! He'd give his eyes to go to the Races—I know he would; but I'll not let him—I'll go there myself to spite him—I'll give him a job, too,

that my gentleman won't like (*aside*).—Here you, Mr. Scholar—here's some books to go to Lady Bab Blue's library, and you must take and arrange them for her.

*De Ros.* What! I, Sir?

*Leath.* Yes—you, Sir,—and leave the porter to look after the shop. She is a lady of learning, they say, and ought to have a *critic* to wait on her—Happy to recommend you for that situation—She might like to have a reviewer on her establishment—Fifty pounds a year and the run of the kitchen—Sorry to part with you—but—(*all this time Leatherhead is at the counter arranging the books*).

*Enter Capt. CANVAS and LA FOSSE.*

*Capt. C.* (*Starting at seeing De Rosier*). *De Rosier!* for heaven's sake, what is the meaning—

*De Ros.* Hush! and I'll tell you all presently.

*Leath.* Who is that, eh?

*De Ros.* Merely a gentleman, Sir, who wishes to see our catalogue.

*Leath.* And who is that foreign-looking thief, that stands grinning at you there?

*De Ros.* Oh! that—Sir—is—What shall I say to get a few moments' explanation with Canvas? (*aside*). That, Sir, is a French man of letters, who having heard of your new printing-press, is come to engage with you as a translator. (*Retires to the back of the stage with Capt. C.*)

*Leath.* Translator! himself an original quite—must talk to him, tho'.—Servant, Sir—well acquainted, I'm told, with the learned tongues?

*La Fosse.* Ah! he have heard of my cookery—  
(*aside*)—Oui—certainly, Sare,—dress de tongue à  
*merveille*—and de sauce! by gar you would eat your  
fader with it.\*

*Leath.* Eat my father! what the devil does he  
mean?

*La Fosse.* You like it, Sare, done English way?

*Leath.* Yes—yes—done into English, to be sure—  
and let it be something that will go down, you know.

*La Fosse.* Ah! pardi—he will go down fast  
enough (*laying his hand on his stomach*)—Den,  
Sare, I can make you de finest nick-nack out of  
noting at all.

*Leath.* How well he understands the art of au-  
thorship! (*aside*).

*La Fosse.* Hash up de old ting like new—

*Leath.* Right—book-making!

*La Fosse.* Vid plenty salt—

*Leath.* Attic—bravo!

*La Fosse.* Vare much acid—

*Leath.* Satiric—excellent!

*La Fosse.* And den de little someting varm and  
piquante for de ladies—

*Leath.* Oh! it will do—it will do (*throwing his  
arms round La Fosse*)—I am so lucky to meet you—  
But let's see (*looks at his watch*)—Have you any  
objection, Sir, to walk towards the race-ground? We  
may talk of these matters on the way.

*La Fosse.* Oui—sure—certainly—tho' pardi, Sare,

\* 'A cette sauce-là on mangeroit son pere.

your conversation give me appetite enough without de walk.

*Leath.* Oh! you flatter me, Sir—

*La Fosse.* Apres vous, Monsieur—

[*Exeunt ceremoniously.*]

[*Capt. Canvas and De Rosier come forward.*]

*Capt. C.* But why did you not answer my letter, and acquaint me with this fall of your fortunes?

*De Ros.* The truth is, my dear Canvas, I have such an aversion to letter-writing, that I have sometimes thought the resolution of Sir Phelim O'Neal, never to answer any thing but a *challenge*, was the only *peaceable* way of getting through life. But let us not talk of misery—love is our only theme.

*Capt. C.* And that way lies *my* misery—Oh! if I could but see the faithless girl once more, I'd take a last, an eternal farewell—fly to my ship—forget the very name of woman—and, like the Doge of Venice, marry myself to the sea.

*De Ros.* Her aunt, Lady Bab, you say, has forbidden you the house?

*Capt. C.* Positively excludes me.

*De Ros.* Heaven send she may do me the same favour—"But though her Ladyship is not at home to *Love*, she seldom refuses the visits of *Learning*, an acquaintance whom she treats ceremoniously, not being on very *familiar* terms with him"—there lie *my* letters of introduction to her presence (*pointing to a parcel on the counter*).

*Capt. C.* What! those books?

*De Ros.* Yes—those books, "which are as wel-

“*come* and about as *useful* to her Ladyship as an opera-glass to a South-Sea islander.”

*Capt. C.* But what did you say of an introduction to her presence?

*De Ros.* Why, simply, that my master has inflicted upon me the honour of carrying that parcel to Lady Bab's library, and if *you* have the least ambition for the employment, I will *depute* it to you with all my soul—happy if, like other great men, I may be the means of making the fortune of my deputy, and if *carrying out books* should prove as profitable to you as *keeping books* has been to many others.

*Capt. C.* 'Tis an excellent thought; I thank you from my heart for it.

*De Ros.* You are not serious, Canvas?

*Capt. C.* Never was more serious in my life.

*De Ros.* Ha! ha! ha! Why, what will your ship's-company think of you, when they hear you have turn'd bookseller and stationer?

*Capt. C.* No matter—it will give me an opportunity of seeing her once more, and of returning into her hands this long-lov'd picture, whose colours, though fleeting, have not faded like her affections.

*De Ros.* Very pretty, faith!—But I think I could match it—Where the deuce?—(*searching his pockets, and then going to a corner of the library*)—Oh! here it is—hid under the *Baisers* of *Dorat*—covered, as it ought to be, with a whole volume of kisses! (*produces a miniature*). There—I have as little right to that *copy*, as any other man but myself has, in *my*

opinion, to the *original*—It was done by my friend *Crayon*, from his own miniature of Miss Hartington, and I ran away with it.—Prometheus *had* the image, when he stole the flame—but I, being provided with the *flame* (*laying his hand on his heart*); stole the image.

*Capt. C.* (*Looking at his own miniature*). How many ghosts of departed promises haunt those faithless lips!

*De Ros.* (*Looking at his*). And how many little unfledged hopes lie nestling in that dimpled smile!

DUET.—*Captain Canvas and De Rosier.*

*Capt. C.* Here is the lip that betray'd,

*De Ros.* Here is the blue eye that warm'd;

*Capt. C.* Lips for bewildering made!

*De Ros.* Eyes for enamouring form'd!

*Both.* While on her features I gaze,  
And trace ev'ry love-moulded line,

*Capt. C.* Memory weeps o'er the days  
When I fancied her faithfully mine.

*De Ros.* Hope bids me dream of bright days,  
And fancy her faithfully mine.

*De Ros.* Here is the glance that inspir'd—

*Capt. C.* Here is the blush that deceiv'd;

*De Ros.* Glances too wildly admir'd!

*Capt. C.* Blushes too fondly believ'd!

*Both.* While on her features, &c. &c.

*De Ros.* But come—if you mean to be my deputy, there is no time to lose—Give me your coat.

*Capt. C.* What! must I—

*De Ros.* Of course, my dear fellow (*taking off Capt. C.'s coat*); though the lady herself is as blue as indigo, your coat need not be of the same livery with her stockings.

*Capt. C.* Where do you mean to hide my uniform?

*De Ros.* Here—behind this large History of England—and I believe it is the first time that any thing *naval* has ever been *kept out of sight* by an English historian.—Now—put on this apron—Does Lady Bab know you?

*Capt. C.* Never has seen me.

*De Ros.* So much the better—I have no doubt she will be taken with your scientific appearance—and you may tell her you are versed in the *Cannon Law*, you know.—Now for the books—“God help you, if she should take a fancy to read any of these folios to you.

“*Capt. C.* I should never stand that—Like a reprobate Quaker, I should be soon *read out* of the meeting.

“*De Ros.*” There—there’s a hat for you, and now be off.

*Capt. C.* Thanks, dear De Rosier; it is consoling to think, that tho’ Love should break off *one* arm of Hope’s anchor, there is yet another left for Friendship, upon whose hold my heart may rely. [*Exit.*

(*During this Scene, Capt. C. puts on De Rosier’s shop-jacket, into the pocket of which De Rosier had, at the end of the Duet, put his own miniature—Capt. C., when about to change, lays his miniature on the counter*).



*De Ros.* Poor Canvas!—Let me see (*approaching the counter*)—Hey-day! what's this?—by all that's perplexing, he has left his mistress's miniature behind him, and taken away mine with him in his pocket.—Hollo! hollo! (*calling after him*)—It is too late to catch him, and this exchange of mistresses may be fatal to us both.—But away with apprehension! I will not, this day, let one dark thought come near me. Oh woman! woman! who is there would live without the hope of being lov'd by thee?

SONG.—*De Rosier.*

When life looks lone and dreary,  
 What light can dispel the gloom?  
 When Time's swift wing grows weary,  
 What charm can refresh his plume?  
 'Tis Woman, whose sweetness beameth  
 O'er all that we feel or see;  
 And if man of heav'n e'er dreameth,  
 'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,  
 Oh, Woman!

Let conquerors fight for glory,—  
 Too dearly the meed they gain;  
 Let patriots live in story,—  
 Too often they die in vain.  
 Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,  
 This world can offer to me  
 No throne like Beauty's bosom,  
 No freedom like serving thee,  
 Oh, Woman!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Madame De Rosier's Cottage.**Enter LA FOSSE.*

*La Fosse.* Diable t'emporte, you big bookseller—vid your tongues and your bacon—and apres tout—after all—his Bacon turn out to be an old dead Chancellor—morbleu!—and ven I tell him I vas *Cook*—by gár, he begin beat me, as I do de young live pig to make him tender—Ah! here is my maitresse—and vat de devil old beggar-man she got vid her?

*Enter MADAME DE ROSIER and MR. HARTINGTON.*

*Mad. De Ros.* I am afraid, my poor man, those rude servants must have hurt you.—

*Mr. Hart.* They might have hurt me, Madam, had you not kindly opened your door and admitted me.

*Mad. De Ros.* I am sure their master, whoever he may be, would have punished them for their rudeness, if he had seen them.

*Mr. Hart.* I do not know *that*, Madam—there is such congeniality in the pursuits of modern masters and their servants, that we can hardly expect more civilization from the *amateur* coachman than from the *professor*.

*Mad. De Ros.* You seem to want refreshment—sit down, and you shall have something—(*He sits down*)—Here, La Fosse—bring this poor man some cold meat.

*La Fosse.* Oui—my Lady—Ah! dat is the way all my cookery goes (*aside and exit*).

*Mad. De Ros.* You have seen better days, I doubt not.

*Mr. Hart.* And so have *you*, Lady—if rightly I can conjecture from those manners, which, like the ornaments of a fallen capital, may be traced long after the pillar, on which it stood, is broken.

*Enter LA FOSSE (bringing in a Tray with cold Meat, &c.)*

*La Fosse.* Here is de little beef for him—Ah! if ma pauvre maitresse had de larder so large as her heart, de ugly malady of starving would be soon banish from the world like the small-pock (*lays it on the table, and exit*).

*Mr. Hart.* My words seem to affect you, Lady.

*Mad. De Ros.* I know not why they should—'tis but a languor of spirits arising from ill health.

*Mr. Hart.* (*At the table, while she is standing forward.*) I see it—'tis the heart's ill-health—the pang of honest pride struggling with poverty.

*Mad. De Ros.* (*Turning round*). Nay, prithee, eat, my good man.

*Mr. Hart.* Thanks, Lady,—I am quite refreshed (*rises*)—and now, forgive me, if I ask, how long you may have felt this illness under which you suffer.

*Mad. De Ros.* Not very long—and, in truth, so many have been my hours of health and cheerfulness, that I feel as if I had already shared my full proportion of blessings, and can thank Heaven for the balm,

that has been at the top of my cup, even while I drain the bitterness that lies at the bottom.

*Mr. Hart.* O Patience! how thy smile adorns adversity! (*aside*). You may think it presumptuous, Madam, that one so poor and humble as I am should venture to prescribe a remedy for the languor that oppresses your spirits; but——

*Mad. De Ros.* Alas!—my good man! 'tis far beyond the reach of art even more refined than yours.

*Mr. Hart.* Pardon me, Lady.—During the wandering life I have led among the poor and wretched, and the various sicknesses of heart and spirits which I have met with, I have frequently witnessed the efficacy of one simple medicine, which, if delicately administered, seldom fails to remove at least a part of the pressure, under which the patient languishes.

*Mad. De Ros.* Some village charm, I doubt not—but I must indulge the poor old man (*aside*).

*Mr. Hart.* There is a portion of it in this small bag—'tis what the old philosophers looked for in crucibles, and what the modern ones think they have found in paper-mills.—Too large a dose of it is apt to make the head giddy; and, in some temperaments, it produces a restless itching in the hands, which requires a constant application of the medicine to that part—When this symptom breaks out in *certain* ranks of life, the operation of the drug has been found to be ruinous to the *Constitution*.

*Mad. De Ros.* (*Smiling*). It seems to be rather a desperate remedy you recommend me.

*Mr. Hart.* No—Lady—you may take it safely—

When prescribed by "friendship or" humanity for the relief of those we "esteem or" compassionate, it is then indeed a precious balsam, whose cordial not only refreshes the heart of him who *takes*, but whose fragrance long lingers on the hand of him who *administers* it.—There—open it, when I am gone—and before it is exhausted, you shall be furnished with a fresh supply.

*Enter LA FOSSE hastily.*

*La Fosse.* Oh Madam! Madam!—here is a gentleman have driven himself and his carriage into de ditch—and de coachman and de rest of the *inside* passenger have been pull out of de window.

*Mad. De Ros.* Is there any one hurt?

*La Fosse.* Only de gentleman's head a little crack; I believe—mais—le voici—here he is come.

*Enter SIR CHARLES CANVAS.*

*Sir C.* Curse that awkward post!—caught in the forewheel and spilt me off the dickey—Just the way in *the House*, tho'—when a Member arrives at a *post*, he always *vacates* his *seat* immediately.

*Mad. De Ros.* I hope, Sir, you have not suffered any serious injury.

*Sir C.* Not much—Ma'am—head a little *out* of *order*, as we say—all owing to the spirit of my leaders—Greys, Madam—fine creatures—Your *Greys* make excellent leaders in *Opposition* coaches.—Ah! my old guager—that-is-to-be, how d'ye do? Don't remember me, eh?

*Mr. Hart.* Oh! yes, Sir—you call yourself Sir Charles Canvas. (*Madam De Rosier starts, and looks earnestly at Sir Charles.*)

*Sir C.* Call myself! damn the fellow—doubts my claim, I suppose (*aside*).

*Mad. De Ros.* It cannot surely be the same! (*aside.*)

*Sir C.* I say, my old boy, I have a little job for you—Do you like *jobs*? no getting on without them—I shall want you, in a day or two, to deliver a letter for me to Miss Hartington.

*Mr. Hart.* To Miss Harting—

*Sir C.* Mum—I have every reason to suspect that little Tory has taken a fancy to me.

*Mr. Hart.* To you, Sir! (*with contemptuous surprise*).

*Sir C.* To me, Sir! yes, Sir—to me, Sir—to Sir Charles Canvas, Bart. M. P. son and heir to the late Sir William Canvas, of Huntborough Hall, Cornwall.

*Mad. De Ros.* It is indeed the same—the eldest son of my dear friend, Lady Canvas (*aside*).

*Sir C.* And, between ourselves, it is not impossible but the *measure* of an *Union* might be *carried*—However, say nothing about the matter at present—as I am just now *candidate* in another quarter; but if I don't like *the state of the poll*, damme but I'll cut, and be returned *Member* for *Hartington* (*slapping Mr. H. on the back*).

*Mr. Hart.* This fellow's impudence is intolerable (*aside*). But are you then so sure, Sir, of being accepted by Miss Hartington?

*Sir C.* Oh! no doubt of it—women can't refuse—they'd never do for *the House*—couldn't say *no* for the lives of them—but—mum—my old fellow—that's all—and call upon me to-morrow at the boarding-house.

*Mr. Hart.* I have no doubt, Sir, that the compliment, which you intend Miss Hartington, will be felt by her exactly as it deserves (*significantly*)—and be assured no effort of mine shall be wanting to impress her with a *proper* understanding of its value.

[*Exit.*

*Sir C.* Well said, my old boy—(*Madame De Rosier approaches*)—Ask pardon, Madam—a little *Secret Committee* with my *Honourable Friend* in fragments here.

*Mad. De Ros.* Not so secret, Sir Charles, as to prevent me from discovering that I have the honour of receiving under my roof the son of one of my best and earliest friends, Lady Canvas.

*Sir C.* Oh! you knew my mother, Madam; an excellent woman, as women go, certainly,

*Mad. De Ros.* I knew her in Paris, when she was married, and was the only friend to whom she entrusted it—we were in the same hotel together when you were born.

*Sir C.* The devil! she mistakes me for my eldest brother—I don't quite like this (*aside*). You are wrong, Madam—my mother was not exactly what you call—married, you know, 'till she came to England.

*Mad. De Ros.* Pardon me, Sir Charles—I was present at the ceremony—

*Sir C.* Present! I'm ruin'd—like a lost Bill—ne-

gativ'd, thrown out, and sent to the pastry-cook's (*aside*)—Yet stay—I'm safe yet—one witness won't do—no—no—'twon't do, Madam (*turning round to Mad. De Rosier, he is caught round the neck by La Fosse, to whom, during Sir C.'s speech aside, Mad. De Rosier had whispered something*).

*La Fosse*.—Ah! my dear little Master Canvas—bless my soul—how vare often I have pinch you little ear, when you not dis high, and you squawl and squawl, and vish me at de devil!

*Sir C.* I'm sure I wish you there now with all my heart—what *shall* I do? (*aside*.)

*Mad. De Ros.* This faithful old servant, Sir Charles, was likewise at your mother's wedding.

*Sir C.* And what infernal—I say, Madam, what strange fate has brought you both here?

*Mad. De Ros.* Upon my return to France last year, I found that my husband the Comte de Rosier was dead—that his money had been all embezzled, and his estates confiscated—my dear son, Henry (whom you may have seen at the library) was the only comfort left me, and upon his industry we now depend for our humble, yet sufficient, maintenance.

*Sir C.* So—So—the young emigrant at the library—I have it (*aside*). Your son's name, you say, is Henry De Rosier? (*takes out his tablets, and writes.*)

*Mad. De Ros.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir C.* Aged?—

*Mad. De Ros.* About one-and-twenty.

*Sir C.* 'Aged one—and twenty—middle size—fair complexion,' (*writing*).



*La Fosse.* Ah de brave homme! he mean to patronage my young master!

*Sir C.* Glad to have the particulars—must send information to *the Alien Office* immediately—

*Mad. De Ros.* For Heaven's sake, Sir Charles, what is it you mean?

*Sir C.* Your son Henry, Madam—a very suspicious character—must be got rid of—unpleasant office for me—but must do my duty.

*Mad. De Ros.* My unfortunate boy! what *can* he have done?

*Sir C.* Nothing *overt*, as yet, perhaps—but quite enough to be suspected of being suspicious.—“ Doctor Shuffle-bottom and some dowagers of distinction have long had their eyes on him—he has been caught laughing at a novel of Voltaire's, and has even been seen to yawn over a loyal pamphlet of Doctor Shuffle-bottom's—an incendiary quite!

“ *Mad. De Ros.* Oh Sir! I will answer with my life that, whatever imprudence my Henry may have been guilty of, his heart is in the right; his heart is always in the right.

“ *Sir C.* Very likely—but we politicians have nothing to do with the heart—must send him off—and that ugly old sinner there with him.”—Shall go now, and write to *the Alien Office*.

*Mad. De Ros.* (*Kneeling.*) For pity's sake, Sir Charles! by the memory of your dear mother, I entreat you.

*Sir C.* I have her now (*aside*). As to that, Madam, tho' always rigid in my public duties, yet when so fair a *petitioner humbly sheweth*, I am as

easily moved as—the question of adjournment (*raises her*)—and there is one condition upon which I consent to let your son remain safely behind his counter.

*Mad. De Ros.* Name it—Sir—name it.

*Sir C.* Simply this—that you never betray to man, woman, or child, the secret of my mother's marriage in Paris.

*Mad. De Ros.* Though ignorant of your motive, Sir Charles, most willingly do I promise—(*trample without*)—and here is my poor Henry himself.

*Sir C.* Does *he* know it?

*Mad. De Ros.* I have never mentioned it to him.

*Sir C.* Mum—then—that's all.

*Enter DE ROSIER.*

*De Ros.* I have stolen one moment from business to tell my dear mother of my happiness——What! in tears, mother? and Sir Charles Canvas here?—What is the meaning of this?

*Mad. De Ros.* Nothing, Henry, we were merely talking of some old——(*Sir Charles shows the tablets secretly to her, and checks her.*) This gentleman—I mean—has met with an accident, at our door, and it has alarmed me.

*De Ros.* There is some mystery in this, which must be explained to me—La Fosse! (*La Fosse nods significantly towards Sir Charles, and exit.*)—Sir Charles! I perceive plainly that your intrusion is the cause of this embarrassment, and, notwithstanding my respect for your eldest brother, Captain Canvas, whom I have the honour to call my friend, and of whose title

and fortune you have—(I will not say how generously) possessed yourself——

*Mad. De Ros.* This, then, was the motive—Oh, Henry! (*She is going towards him, when Sir Charles seizes her hand, and reads the tablets in an under voice to her*).

*Sir C.* ‘Aged twenty-one—middle size—fair complexion——’

*De Ros.* Come—Madam—you must not stay here to be insulted—Another time, Sir Charles, I shall know the meaning of your conduct.—I *did* think, Sir, that you modern men of fashion, when coming to a domestic sanctuary like this, could leave your arrogance at the club, and your vulgarity at the race-ground—but I find, that, in the circle of social life, you are as *misplaced* as monkeys in a flower-garden, having just *strength* enough to trample on what is *delicate*, and just *wit* enough to ruin what is *beautiful*. [*Exeunt Mad. De Rosier and Henry.*]

*Sir C.* *Hear him! hear him!*—That young gentleman has a taste for oratory—would cut a figure upon a *Turnpike Bill*—Flatter myself, however, I have muzzled the principal witness—“and my brother, a “careless fellow, will never think of sifting the matter when he returns, but pocket the affront, and “away to sea again.”—As to *fighting*, my young Mr. Emigrant (for you seemed to *give notice of a motion* to that effect), before *I* fight, I must *consult my constituents*, as I hold it *unpatriotic* to do any thing without *their instructions*. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Antichamber at Lady BAB BLUE'S.*

*Lady BAB, and Capt. CANVAS in his Disguise, arranging the Books in a large Book-case—Miss SELWYN and DAVY—the latter a little tipsy.*

*Lady B.* Come hither—you stupid Davy—and assist this young man to arrange the books—Foh, fellow! your breath smells like *hydrogen*.

*Davy.* Hydergin—gin—gin (*hiccups*)—Ecod, so it was gin, sure enough—How well the old toad knows the smell of it! (*aside.*)

*Lady B.* (*To Davy.*) Here—put up these two volumes of *Sallust*—That is the *Jugurthine*, and that the *Cataline*.

*Davy.* (*Spelling the letters on the back.*) T. O. M. Tom, C. A. T. Cat, Tom Cat—Come, I guess now, that's something deuced comical.—(*Spells the other.*) T. O. M., J. U. G.—Tom's Jug.—Ah! that's the larning, after all.

*Capt. C.* One word with her will be sufficient—Miss Selwyn! Miss Selwyn! (*apart to Miss S.*)

*Miss S.* Good Heavens! is it possible? Captain Canvas!

*Capt. C.* Be not alarmed, Madam—I come not to interrupt your happiness, by disputing my brother's claim to that inheritance, which Miss Selwyn is so worthy and so *willing* to share with him—I come merely to return this picture into your hands, and (what I cannot think you will regret) to bid you farewell for ever!

[*He returns to the book-case.*

*Miss S.* What can he mean? 'Worthy and *will-*  
*ing* to share his brother's fortune!'—My picture,  
 too, returned! (*opens it*)—Yet—no—no—can I be-  
 lieve my eyes?—It is—it *is* Miss Hartington.—Oh!  
 this accounts for her confusion, when I mentioned  
 his name—her sighs, when she acknowledged that  
 she knew him.—False, cruel man! to insult me thus  
 with the display of her love-gifts—But I'll—Oh!  
 that his brother were here now—I could even do my  
 heart a violence to be revenged of him.

*Lady B.* Why, what are you about, young man?  
 (*to Capt. Canvas, who has been employed at the*  
*book-case.*) You are mixing up my science with  
 all sorts of rubbish—Here's *Thoughts upon Gravity*  
 on the same shelf with *Broad Grins*; and—as I  
 live!—*Sir Isaac Newton* in the corner with *Betsy*  
*Thoughtless*!

*Enter Sir CHARLES.*

*Sir C.* Oh, dear ladies! I have had the saddest  
 tumble off my dicky—exactly such as happened  
 to me last spring—you recollect—immediately after  
 the *snows* and the *Parliament* had *dissolved* away,  
 and the *new Ministers* were just budding into *pa-*  
*tronage* and *majorities*.

*Miss S.* Dear Sir Charles, you alarm me beyond  
 expression (*affecting anxiety about him*).

*Sir C.* 'Dear Sir Charles!' Ho! ho! She begins  
 to trim, I find (*aside*).

*Capt. C.* (*Behind.*) Perfidious girl!

*Lady B. and Miss S. (On each side of Sir C.)*  
No material hurt, I hope?

*Sir C.* Not much—head a little discomposed—but it was this that saved me (*striking the crown of his hat*)—*The Crown* is the best friend to us M. P.s, after all—But don't be alarmed, ladies—I am not so ill but that I shall be able to attend you to the Lottery at the Library; and afterwards, if you will allow me, to Miss Hartington's card-party.

## FINALE TO THE SECOND ACT.

*Lady Bab Blue, Miss Selwyn, Captain Canvas\*,  
Sir C. Canvas, and Davy.*

*Capt. C.* The last gleam of hope is vanish'd now,  
Misery's night surrounds me.

*Davy.* I could read mighty well, if they'd just show me  
how,  
But this printing like quite confounds me.

*Miss S.* The pain in your head, is it better? oh tell.

*Capt. C.* The pain in my heart who can tell?

*Sir C. C.* Pretty well—it may swell.

*Davy.* I can spell—very well—F, E, double L.

*Miss S.* Think, if aught should harm thee,  
How it would alarm me.

*Capt. C.* Patience! arm me,  
Let not anger warm me.

*Miss Sel.* How I should deplore thee!  
Tenderly weep o'er thee!

*Capt. C.* None will e'er adore thee  
With the love *I* bore thee.  
Oh! happier, happier he,  
Whose heart is cold to thee.

\* Captain Canvas, during this Finale, must keep as far back as possible, and appear carefully to avoid the eyes of Sir Charles.

*Miss Sel.* }  
*Lady B.* } Oh! happy, happy we,  
*Davy.* } Thy safe return to see.

*Sir C. C.* I'm happy, Ma'am, to see  
 Your kind concern for me.

*Capt. C.* } Can Falsehood then boast of her power to destroy,  
 & } And not even blush o'er the ruins of joy?  
*Miss H.* } Can hearts leave the load-star they used to obey,  
 And not even tremble in turning astray?

*(Davy, who has been fixing books upon the shelves, lets a large parcel of them, at this moment, fall about his ears).*

*Davy.* Dang it! what a clatter!  
 How my head they batter!

*Capt. C.* Booby! what's the matter?  
 How the books you scatter!

*Lady B.* See! you awkward lout,  
 My ancients thrown about;  
 My wits all tumbling from above!

*Davy.* If larning be about  
 As hard inside as out,  
 'Twould soon get thro' my skull, by Jove!

*Capt. C.* }  
 & } Farewell—farewell—to hope, joy, and love!  
*Miss H.* }

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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## ACT III.

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SCENE.—*The Circulating Library.*

*Lady BAB BLUE, Sir CHARLES CANVAS, Miss SELWYN, Miss HARTINGTON, SUSAN, and a motley Groupe of Persons, are discovered attending the Drawing of a Lottery, which LEATHERHEAD is busied about behind the Counter.—Various Prizes are lying upon the Counter.*

SONG, RECITATIVE, DUET, CHORUS, &c.

SONG.—*Susan.*

A LOTTERY, a Lottery,  
In Cupid's court there us'd to be,  
Two roguish eyes  
The highest prize  
In Cupid's scheming Lottery;  
And kisses too,  
As good as new,  
Which were not very hard to win,  
For he, who won  
The eyes of fun,  
Was sure to have the kisses in.  
*Chor.* A Lottery, &c.



This Lottery, this Lottery,  
 In Cupid's court went merrily,  
 And Cupid play'd  
 A Jewish trade  
 In this his scheming Lottery;  
 For hearts, I'm told,  
 In *shares* he sold  
 To many a fond believing drone,  
 And cut the hearts  
 In sixteen parts  
 So well, each thought the *whole* his own!  
*Chor.* A Lottery, a Lottery,  
 In Cupid's court there us'd to be,  
 Two roguish eyes  
 The highest prize,  
 In Cupid's scheming Lottery.

### RECITATIVE & SONG.—*Leatherhead.*

Ladies and Gentlemen—Gentlemen and Ladies—Go not to Cupid's court;  
 For (whatever the young woman may say) 'tis a place of very bad resort.

### AIR.

But mine is the Lottery—hasten to me;  
 Here's scissors and satires, as sharp as can be:—  
 Here's a drawing of Cork—here's a cork-screw for wine,  
 Here are pills for the cough—and here's Gibbon's "Decline;"—  
 Here's a bright carving-knife—here's a learned Review—  
 Here's an Essay on Marriage, and here's a Cuckoo.

### CHORUS.

Our Lottery—our Lottery—  
 Ye youths and maidens, come to me!  
 'Tis ne'er too late  
 To try your fate  
 In this our lucky Lottery,

*Leath.* Thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for your attendance this evening—Hope for *your* patronage, Madam (*to Lady Bab*)—Have every thing in your way “that has appeared since *Nebechudnezzar’s* Work upon *Grasses*—Clever book that, Ma’am.

“*Lady Bab.* I cannot say that I have ever seen it.

“*Leath.* ’Pon my soul, nor I (*aside*).”—Have got a new printing-press, Ma’am—would be glad to have some of your *Flights of Fancy*—Wish you could be prevailed upon to try your hand at a *Battle*—Wonderful taste for battles now, Ma’am.

*Lady B.* No wonder, Sir, when those *indulgent* critics, the Park guns, stand always ready to *report* the merits of such performances.

*Leath.* Ha! ha! ha!—Very sharp, Ma’am, very sharp.—If you please to step this way, Ma’am, I’ll give you a sight of my typographicals.

[*They retire.*

*Miss Hart.* I look in vain for De Rosier—What can be the meaning of his absence? (*aside.*)

*Sir C.* (*Who is all this time paying his court to Miss Selwyn, and is repulsed by her in all his advances*). Nay, my dear Miss Selwyn—“you change sides as quick as an Union Member;” just now, at your own house, you were so kind to me!—I declare it quite intoxicated me.

*Miss S.* Did I intoxicate you, Sir Charles? The Spartans, too, occasionally made their slaves drunk; but ’twas from any thing but *love* for them, I assure you.

*Sir C.* What a tongue she has! But I'll *cough* her down, when we're married (*aside*).

*Miss Hart.* I suppose, Sir Charles, you know that your brother is arrived.

*Sir C.* My brother! impossible—Madam—impossible—He would not leave his ship to be made First Lord of the Treasury.

*Miss Hart.* But to be made Lord of *Love's* Treasury! (*looking archly at Miss Selwyn, and then addressing her*)—Come—my dear—you can tell us, perhaps, whether Captain Canvas is arrived.

*Miss S.* How insultingly she triumphs over me (*aside*)—Really, Miss Hartington, time makes such changes in mind as well as features, that it is possible I *may* have seen Capt. Canvas, without being able to persuade myself, that it was the same I had known formerly.

*Miss Hart.* I'll send to the hotels to inquire after him—Perhaps he may be prevailed upon to join our card-party this evening.—Sir Charles! you have no objection to see your brother at my house?

*Sir C.* Me! Madam!—objection, Madam! (*confused*)—Afraid to meet the eyes of my brother!—Damn'd bad sign—symptoms of a *rotten Borough* here, I fear (*lays his hand on his heart*)—Must brazen it out, tho' (*aside*)—Oh! no—Miss Hartington—not the least objection—My brother is well aware of the hopelessness of his claims, and will be happy, of course, to find that the title, tho' it has slipped off the higher branch, has settled upon such a promising twig as your humble servant.

*Miss Hart.* Oh! very well. Susan! (*beckons Susan, and exit with her*).

*Lady Bab.* (*Coming forward with Leatherhead, and giving him a letter.*) You will be amused and edified by that letter—'tis from my friend, Doctor O'Jargon, the great Irish chemist, and you may read it at your leisure.

*Leath.* Ma'am, you do me honour.

*Lady Bab.* Come hither, niece (*to Miss Selwyn*)—I want to speak with you, upon a matter of much importance to me.

*Miss S.* This eternal marriage with Sir Charles! (*aside.*)

*Lady Bab.* I want to ask your advice upon a grand literary 'scheme I have in view.

*Miss S.* Heav'n be praised!—Even her literature is a relief (*aside*).

*Lady Bab.* You must know I have been, for some time past, employed in writing a *chemical* Poem upon *Sal Ammoniac*.

*Miss S.* Upon sal ammoniac?

*Lady Bab.* Yes, my dear, a poem upon *sal ammoniac*—in which, under the name of the *Loves of Ammonia*, I have personified this interesting *alkali*, and described very tenderly all the various *experiments* that have been tried on her.

*Miss S.* This is what has been called 'enlisting Poetry under the banners of Science,' dear aunt.

*Lady Bab.* Exactly so—And now—look on that venerable Chamberlain of the Muses there.

*Leath.* What the devil are they staring at me for? (*aside.*)

*Lady Bab.* That man, humble as he stands there—unconscious, as yet, of the glory that is intended him—that man shall I select for the high honour of introducing my *Ammonia* to the literary world.

*Miss S.* Happy man !

*Lady Bab.* And I will go home this instant and write him such an epistle on the subject, as will *electrify* him.

*Miss S.* I have no doubt it will.

*Lady Bab.* Sir Charles—I had nearly forgot—but there is a paper, which I have had in my pocket for you all day (*giving him a letter*)—It concerns the subject nearest your heart. Farewell—we meet at Miss Hartington's assembly.

*Leath.* Give me leave, my Lady (*shewing her out*).

*Lady Bab.* (*To Leath.*) Man! man! thou little knowest the honour and glory to which thou wilt be *sublimated*. [*Exit Lady Bab, Leatherhead showing her off.*]

*Sir C.* Let's see what the old lady has given me here (*reads*)—‘*Most scientific Madam!*’—Hey-day! ’tis a letter, addressed to herself, and signed Cornelius O’Jargon, Professor of Chemistry—‘*Most scientific Madam! I need not tell your Ladyship that my illustrious countryman, the Honourable Mr. Boyle, was the father of Chemistry, and brother to the Earl of Cork.*’—What the devil have I to do with the father and uncles of Chemistry? I, that am in such a hopeful genealogical way myself!—and this, she said, was ‘the subject nearest my heart!’ (*tearing the letter.*)—What’s to be done? If my brother is arrived, and Madame De Rosier should find out that my

threats against her son were mere bluster, 'tis all over with me.—What *shall* I do?—I'll try bribery—I will —They are poor, and a bribe will certainly stop their mouths—“ besides, it will keep my hand in, and “ make me a more *saleable* article myself in future\*” —for nothing breaks a man in for *taking* bribes so effectually as *giving* them. [Exit.

Miss S. (*Who had been occupied among the books at the back of the stage.*) Alas! who can wonder at the choice I have made? Even had Capt. Canvas no other qualities to adorn him, the very fame of his heroism would be sufficient to interest me—For we women, the simplest and tenderest of us, love to fly about a blaze of celebrity, even tho' we receive but little warmth from it; and the sage and the hero are, sure of us, whenever they condescend to be our suitors. Not that we have much concern with either their valour or their wisdom, for *our* pride is to produce the very reverse of those qualities which we admire in them—to see the orator mute, the hero humbled, and the philosopher bewildered.

SONG.—*Miss Selwyn.*

Oh! think, when a hero is sighing,  
 What danger in such an adorer!  
 What woman can dream of denying  
 The hand that lays laurels before her?  
 No heart is so guarded around,  
 But the smile of a victor will take it;  
 No bosom can slumber so sound,  
 But the trumpet of glory will wake it,

\* I forget the words that are substituted for these in representation.

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,  
 And woe to the heart that allows him !  
 For, ah ! neither smiling nor weeping  
 Have pow'r, at those moments, to rouse him.  
 But, tho' he were sleeping so fast,  
 That the life almost seem'd to forsake him,  
 Believe me, one soul-thrilling blast  
 From the trumpet of glory would wake him !

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Outside of the Circulating Library.*

*Enter LEATHERHEAD (bowing off, as if returned from seeing the Ladies to their Carriage).*

*Leath.* Charming notion she has of books ! and of booksellers too, I flatter myself—She would'nt have been half so civil to me tho,' if my fine French shopman had been in the way—That fellow's young impudent face took off all the attention of the women from me—But I've got rid of him—pack'd him off—  
 “ and he may now starve like a wit and a gentleman,  
 “ as he pretends to be” (*takes out the letter Lady Bab gave him*)—Ha ! ha ! ha ! Bless her old tasty heart ! Only think of her giving me a letter from an Irish chemist and druggist, to amuse myself with—Let's see (*putting on his spectacles*).

*SUSAN enters from behind.*

*Susan.* I can't think what is become of Mr. De Rosy—My poor mistress was quite in a fright at not seeing him here—Oh ! there's the old grumpus himself—

*Leath. (Reads.)* ‘ I am determined that you shall marry my niece.’—Eh ! what ! Impossible—

it's a mistake.—‘ *I am determined that you shall marry my niece—The girl's heart is set against it—* Oh! of course—‘ *but, like the copper and zinc in a voltaic battery, the more negative she becomes, the more positive she'll find me—Come early this evening to Miss Hartington's, and all shall be settled.*’— Oh! 'tis a mistake—a mistake—She gave me the wrong letter.

*Susan.* Pray, Sir, may Mr. De Rosy be in the shop?

*Leath.* No—young woman—he's pack'd off—gone to (*turning away from her, wholly occupied with the subject of the letter*)—Marry Miss Selwyn, a rich heiress!—Oh, it's a hoax—a mere hoax.

*Susan.* So it is a hoax indeed, if he told you he was going to marry any such thing—La! Sir—he is not one of your marrying sort.

*Leath.* And yet she said something about *honour* and *glory* that were in store for me—

*Susan.* But in earnest, good Mr. Leatherhead, what is become of the young man?

*Leath.* Gone to the dogs, I tell you—kick'd into the streets—Don't perplex me about him.

*Susan.* Ah! you hard-hearted old monster!—But I *will* pester you—Kick'd into the streets!—Well, in spite of the crockery Duchess, I declare I could almost cry for him—And has the poor dear young man, then, nothing to live upon?

*Leath.* (*Reading.*) ‘ *Copper and zinc.*’

*Susan.* Copper! Mercy on me!—I'll go tell my mistress this instant—Who would have thought it?

[*Going out, is met by Davy.*]



*Davy.* Why—Susan, how plump you come up again a body!—I say (*apart to her*), just wait a minute or two here—Now, do’ee—I ha’ gotten a letter to gie to the old book-chap here, and then I have something—you know (*cunningly*)—I *have*, indeed—Come—now do’ee wait, good girl—I say, Mr. Leatherhead, here be a letter for you from Lady Bab Blue.

*Leath.* What! another letter! (*anxiously.*)

*Davy.* Ah! you may well say another and another—Nothing but write, write, and them *pistles* (as she calls them) going off from morning till night—Ecod, she spells such a power of words in the day, that I only wonder how the poor old alphabet holds out with her.

*Leath.* Bless me! I’m in such a fluster, I can hardly read a line (*reads*)—‘*Dear Sir! I have made up my mind completely since I saw you, and my Ammonia, that treasure, for which so many proposals have been made, shall be put immediately into your hands.*’—Ammonia—her niece’s name—I shall go wild.—‘*Her beauties have hitherto been the delight only of a private circle; but I have no doubt, that, upon her appearance in public, she will draw the whole world to your shop.*’—Oh! damn the shop—I’ll shut that up immediately—I’ll throw my wig at the stars—I’ll——(*capering about*).

*Davy.* Why—the old chap is beside himself, for sartain.

*Leath.* ‘*You, doubtless, are well acquainted with the history of this volatile creature*’—Volatile!

oh ! no matter for that—‘ *this volatile creature, Ammonia, vulgarly called Sal by the apothecaries.*’—Her niece called *Sal* by the *apothecaries* !—What the devil does she mean ? Oh ! I suppose a pet name, which her friend, the Irish druggist, has for her—but *I’ll* always call her Ammonia—Ammonia—my dear Ammonia (*throws his arms round Susan*).

*Susan.* La ! Mr. Bookseller—one would think you want me for an apprentice—you *bind* me so fast to you—

*Leath.* Let me see what more—‘ *As I can imagine your impatience to possess this treasure, call upon me this evening at Miss Hartington’s, and it shall be made your own.*’—Just what she said in the other note—Yes—yes—I’ll go—I’ll go (*parades the stage consequentially*)—Oh, Leatherhead ! Leatherhead ! thou wert born under a lucky asterisk ! Shew me a brother-type out of Paternoster-row, that could smuggle himself into the copy-right of an heiress of two-and-twenty so neatly !

*Davy.* Well—I’ll be shot if there isn’t something in this larning that turns every parson’s head that’s at all concern’d with it, and I believe what the politician at the ale-house said was true, that the war, and the taxes, and the rest of the mischief, all comes of your devilish Greek and Latin.—I say, Mr. Leatherhead, what answer am I to take back to my Lady ?

*Leath.* Answer ? Tell her that I’m all rapture and astonishment—that I am stark staring with wonder, like three notes of admiration—and that—I’ll marry her niece in the twinkling of a semi-colon.

*Davy.* Marry her what?

*Leath.* Marry her what?—Her niece, puppy—my volatile, but valuable Ammonia! (*half aside.*)

*Davy.* What! you?

*Susan.* What! you? (*both laughing at him.*)

*Leath.* Yes, I, Sir—yes, I, Ma'am—What the devil are you laughing at? (*Strutting from one to the other.*)

## LAUGHING TRIO.

*Susan, Davy, and Leatherhead.*

*Leath.* Girl, dost thou know me?

*Sus. & Dav.* Oh! what a wooer!

*Leath.* Slave! thou'rt below me!

*Sus. & Dav.* This wig will undo her.

*Leath.* Oh! curse your grinning!

*Sus. & Dav.* This lock so winning!

*Leath.* Ma'am, if you giggle thus,

And treat my wig ill thus,

I'll let you shortly know who am I.

*Sus. & Dav.* A handsome lover this!

*Leath.* You sha'nt get over this;

*Sus. & Dav.* This laugh will end me quite:—

*Leath.* Pray heaven send it might!

*Sus. & Dav.* Ha, ha, ha, hah! hah, ha!

How the fool makes me laugh!—

Oh! I shall die!

*Leath.* But you shall weep for this fun by-and-by.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—*Madame De Rosier's Cottage.**Enter DE ROSIER and LA FOSSE.*

*La Fosse.* Ah ! de barbare !—vat ! he turn you out vidout one penny !

*De Ros.* Yes—La Fosse—dismissed me from his paltry service, without even a hint at the remuneration which he agreed to give me—and I would starve sooner than ask him.

*La Fosse.* Ah ! oui—starve yourself à *la bonne heure*—But your poor moder !

*De Ros.* Yes, yes—my mother !—Something *must* be done instantly—the little sum we brought with us hither is exhausted, and Heaven only knows whither I shall now turn for a supply.

*La Fosse.* (*Looking at his snuff-box.*) Ah you little snuff-box ! I have hold fast by you long time, when all my oder little articles were pressed into de service of dis grumbling tyran here (*hand on the stomach*)—I did tink de *conscription* would come to you at last.

*De Ros.* What do you say, La Fosse ?

*La Fosse.* Indeed, I vas cracking joke bad enough, Monsieur, upon my poor old *tabatiere* here—and I vil go dis moment to the jeweller's, and try what I can make of him.

*De Ros.* To the jeweller's ?

*La Fosse.* Oui, Sare—to sell this little box, which

your good father gave me, and make the best use of his present by comforting his wife and child.

*De Ros.* My kind old man! I have never treated you as you deserved—and so it is, alas! with many humble hearts, neglected, perhaps slighted, during our prosperous moments, but which, when the darkness of adversity arrives, come forth like the sweet night-plant, and reproach us only by the fragrance they breathe over our path, for the rudeness, with which we have, perhaps, trodden down their leaves in the sunshine.—Keep my father's present, old man; I will not hear of your parting with it.

*La Fosse.* Pardon—Monsieur—but if I continue taking snuff out of silver, while my friend is in want of von shilling, may my gentleman-like *rappée* be turn into *blackguard*, and every pinch go the wrong way.

*De Ros.* My faithful La Fosse!—But here comes my mother—she must not know the extent of our distresses—Women should be like those temples of old, from which words of ill omen were carefully kept away.

*Enter Madame De ROSIER.*

*Mad. De Ros.* My dear Henry! what is to become of us?

*De Ros.* Become of us? oh! every thing that is good and happy.

*Mad. De Ros.* You are always so sanguine, Henry!

*De Ros.* And why should I not, dearest mother?

I have hitherto steered so safely by the star of Heaven's providence, that, even while 'tis clouded, I trust to its guidance cheerfully!

*La Fosse.* Ah! dat is brave boy! and here is to your good health (*taking a pinch of snuff*)—A votre santé, mon petit bon homme!

*Mad. De Ros.* But what is your present plan?

*De Ros.* The money I am to receive from old Leatherhead will support us during my short interval of idleness, and I know a thousand situations, in which willing industry, like mine, is sure to meet with employment—In a soil like this, which liberty has fertilized, the very weakest shoots of talent thrive and flourish!

### SONG.—*De Rosier.*

Tho' sacred the tie that our country entwined,  
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,  
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,  
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.  
Oh thou! who wert born in the cot of the peasant,  
But diest of languor in Luxury's dome,  
Our vision, when absent—our glory, when present,—  
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd!  
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave!  
Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,  
And Fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.  
But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st the commotion  
Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam;  
With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,  
Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

[*Exit.*

*Mad. De Ros.* Alas! La Fosse, he little knows the cruel perplexity in which I am placed—the injured son of Lady Canvas is, I find, his friend; and if my Henry were aware of our powers of righting him, his generous nature would forget every personal consideration, and expose him to all the enmity with which that unfeeling Sir Charles threatened him.

*La Fosse.* (*Who has been all this time in a reverie about his snuff-box, and not attending to her.*) I do not like to lose my good rappée, either.

*Mad. De Ros.* Oh! that we had the means of flying from this unlucky place, where every thing conspires to perplex and agitate me.

*La Fosse.* If I could find de little someting to put it in (*aside*).

*Mad. De Ros.* What are you meditating, La Fosse? Does any thing occur to you?

*La Fosse.* Oui—my Lady—it occur to me that my rappée have not de true relish out of silver.

*Mad. De Ros.* (*Turning away.*) Trifling old man!

*La Fosse.* And if I could find something (*looking round*)—Ah! I have de thought—My Lady! where did you put that little bag the old beggarman did give you to-day?

*Mad. De Ros.* I know not where I threw it—and I must say, La Fosse, that painfully occupied as my mind is, it is cruel to trifle with me thus (*sits down, much agitated*).

*La Fosse.* (*Still looking about.*) Pardon, my

Lady—Ah ! le voila (*finds it*)—Come here—you little bag—I vil do you an honneur you little dream of (*starts, and lets the bag fall*)—Diable ! vat is I see ?

*Mad. De Ros.* Why do you start, La Fosse ?

*La Fosse.* Start ? Pardi—I have seen de ghost of a fifty-pound note, looking as fresh and alive as if he just walk out of Threadneedle-street.

*Mad. De Ros.* What do you mean ?

*La Fosse.* It cannot be real—mais—I will touch (*takes up the note*)—By gar, it is as substantial a *fifty* as ever Monsieur Henri Hase stood godfather for (*shews it to her*).

*Mad. De Ros.* All-blessing Providence ! this is thy agency—Fly, La Fosse, seek your master, and tell him what kind Heaven has sent us.

*La Fosse.* I will, my Lady ; and I will pray by the way, that every poor and honest fellow may find as lucky a bag to put his *tabac* in. [Exit.

*Mad. De Ros.* Mysterious stranger !—Now I feel the meaning of his words—Thou art, indeed, a medicine for many ills (*addressing the money*)—blest, if thou wert not the *cause* of still more—But oh ! how many a heart thou corruptest, for the very few to which thou givest comfort ! [Exit.



SCENE IV.—*The Street.*

*Enter Sir CHARLES CANVAS, dressed for the Evening.*

*Sir C.* 'Tis too true—this brother of mine is arrived—Yes—yes—he thinks to *throw me out*—comes to *petition* against the *sitting Member*—but it won't do—he'll find me as *sedentary* as the *Long Parliament* (*looking out*).—Isn't that my ragged friend coming this way?—the very fellow to manage the bribery-business for me—Nothing like an agent, a middle-man upon these occasions—for your *bribe* ought never descend from too great a height, but be let down *easily* into the pocket.

*Enter Mr. HARTINGTON.*

Ah! how do you do, old boy? how d'ye do?—The *very* man I wanted to meet.

*Mr. Hart.* This everlasting fool (*aside*).

*Sir C.* I dare say now, my friend, old Hartington has so often employed you, as a sort of journeyman in his works of charity, that your hand falls as naturally into a *giving* attitude as that of a physician into a *taking* one.

*Mr. Hart.* The art of *giving*, Sir, is not so very easily learned.—It requires so much less exertion of thought to *throw away* than to *give*, that no wonder

this short cut to a reputation for generosity should be generally preferred by the indolent and fashionable.

*Sir C.* A plague on this fellow's moral tongue—What an excellent *dinner-bell* 'twould make in *the House!* (*aside.*) But, I say, my old fellow, my reason for asking is, that I have a little charitable job upon hands myself, which must be managed, you know, in a delicate way, and in which I mean to employ you as my proxy.

*Mr. Hart.* I have wrong'd him then, and cox-combs *may* have hearts (*aside*).

*Sir C.* You know the cottage where I met you to-day—fine woman that—rather *passée*, to be sure—and so is her purse, I fear—*Exchequer low*, you understand me.

*Mr. Hart.* She is poor, Sir, but evidently has been otherwise; and of all the garbs in Poverty's wardrobe, the faded mantle of former prosperity is the most melancholy!

*Sir C.* So it is—quite—like a collar of last year's cut exactly—and I have therefore resolved to settle a small annuity upon that lady for her life.

*Mr. Hart.* Generous young man! what disinterested benevolence!

*Sir C.* You shall go this instant and settle the matter with her—all I ask in return is that she will (to-night, if possible) pack up all her moveables, not forgetting the old black-muzzled Frenchman—and be off to some remote corner of the island, where—even *the Speaker's warrant* can't reach her.

*Mr. Hart.* But wherefore this strange condition, Sir Charles?

*Sir C.* Why, you must know that respectable lady has a little secret of mine in her custody; and as women make but tender-hearted gaolers, I am afraid she might let it *escape* some fine morning or other.

*Mr. Hart.* Ha! all is not right here (*aside*). Certainly—Sir Charles—I shall, with all my heart, negotiate this business for you—but—it is necessary, of course, that I should be better acquainted with the particulars—

*Sir C.* True—and the fact is—(remember *the Gaugers' List*, old boy,) the fact is, I have just come into a large fortune, which my eldest brother most inconveniently thinks he has a right to, and this lady and her servant are in possession of *certain* circumstances, which—um—in short—they must be got out of the way—you understand me.

*Mr. Hart.* I understand you *now* (*warmly*)—tho' weak enough, at first, to believe that Selfishness could, for an instant, turn from her own monstrous idol, to let fall, even by chance, one pure offering on the altar of Benevolence!

*Sir C.* Heyday! here are heroics!—why, what the devil do you mean, my old speechifier?

*Mr. Hart.* I mean, fool! that your own weak tongue has betrayed to me the whole trumpery tissue of your base, unnatural machinations, which if I do not unravel to their last thread before I sleep, may my pillow never be blessed with the bright conscious-

ness of having done what is right before man and Heaven!

*Sir C.* Mr. Hartington, fellow, shall know of this insolence.

*Mr. Hart.* Mr. Hartington, Sir, despises, as *I* do, the man, however highly placed, who depends upon the venality of others for the support of his own injustice, and whose purse, like packages from an infected country, is never opened but to spread contamination around it!

*Sir C.* Why, thou pauper!—thou old ragamuffin!—that look'st like a torn-up *Act of Insolvency*, how darest thou speak thus to a man of family and a Senator? Venture but to breathe another syllable in this style, and I'll shew you such a specimen of the accomplishments of a gentleman as shall—(*advancing close to Mr. Hartington in a boxing attitude, when De Rosier, who has entered behind during this last speech, steps between them, and turns away Sir C.'s arm.*)

*De Ros.* Hold, Sir!—Is this your bravery? 'Twas but just now I found you insulting a woman, and now I find your valour up in arms against a poor defenceless old man!—Go—go—I said that you should account to me for your conduct; but there are persons, Sir Charles, who, like insects that lose their sting in wounding, become too contemptible for our resentment even in the very act of offending us.

*Sir C.* Was there ever an M. P. so treated?—If this is not a breach of privilege, then is the *Lex Par-*

*liamenti* a mere flourish—a flim-flam! Damme—I'll send them both to *the Tower* (*aside*).

*Mr. Hart.* Your pretensions, Sir——

*Sir C.* Order! order! *spoke twice—spoke twice—* Curse me if I stay any longer to be harangued by this brace of orators—Better get off with a whole skin, tho' (*aside*). Gentlemen—my sedan-chair is in waiting to take me to Miss Hartington's, where if you, Sir, have any thing further to say to me (*advancing stoutly to De Rosier*), you will find me all the evening—Safe enough in that—dare'nt shew his nose there (*aside*).

*Mr. Hart.* One word before——

*Sir C.* No—no—you'll excuse me—your attacks upon me already have been so very much *out of order* that they force me to throw myself on the *protection* of the *Chairman*—Chair! Chair! Chair!

[*Exit, calling his chair.*]

*Mr. Hart.* This conspiracy must be sifted to the bottom—The lady of the cottage shall come to my house this evening—Young gentleman, I thank you for your interference; and I pray you, let me know to whom I am indebted for it.

*De Ros.* To one as pennyless as yourself, old man!

*Miss Hart.* Another claim upon me!—Kind Heaven! what luck thou hast thrown in my heart's way since morning! (*aside.*) And may I ask, Sir, whither you were now going?

*De Ros.* To any place but home—"there poverty

“ awaits me, and the forced smile, which those we  
 “ love put on, when they would hide their wants  
 “ and sorrows from us.”

*Mr. Hart.* Come then with me, and share *my* humble meal.

*De Ros.* What, thine, poor man!—no—no—yet  
 ——False pride! thou strugglest now—but I will  
 tame thee (*aside*). Yes, willingly, my friend, *most*  
 willingly,—and the more rude our fare, the truer fore-  
 taste it may give of the hard lot that Heaven prepares  
 for me.

*Mr. Hart.* Come, then, and the first toast over  
 our scanty beverage shall be, ‘ May the blessing sent  
 from the poor man’s meal be always the sweetener  
 of the cup at the rich man’s banquet!’ [*Exeunt.*

# SCENE V.—*An Antichamber at Mr. Hartington’s.*

*Enter LEATHERHEAD.*

*Leath.* Not come yet—how my old heart beats!  
 I think this suit of my friend the Poet’s does charm-  
 ingly (*admiring his dress*)—*binding* remarkably neat  
 —*frontispiece* (*putting his hand to his face*) rather  
 worn out, I confess—but, when *well gilt* by the  
 heiress’s gold, why, a tolerable good *family copy* of  
 ‘ *the Whole Duty of Man.*’ Hist!—here comes the  
 old lady. What shall I be doing? looking over the  
 books?—no—curse it—that’s too much of the shop—  
 She shall find me in raptures over the last letter she  
 sent me (*reads it with ridiculous gesticulations*).

*Enter Lady BAB.*

*Lady Bab.* Ay—there he is—happy man! quite *saturated* with the idea of getting my MS. into his hands.—I perceive, Mr. Leatherhead, that you are *pleased* with the thoughts of possessing my *Ammonia*.

*Leath.* Pleased, Ma'am? I am astonished, Ma'am—it has made me wild, Ma'am—turned me upside down, like a Hebrew Spelling-Book, Ma'am.—

*Lady Bab.* I knew the effect it would have upon him (*aside*)—You will find, I trust, Sir, that notwithstanding the *volatility* of my subject, and the various philosophic amours in which *Ammonia* is engaged (*he starts*), I have taken care that no improper warmth should appear upon the surface, but that the little of that nature, which *does* exist, should be what we chemists call *latent heat*.

*Leath.* Ay—true—your Ladyship mentioned in your letter that she was a little volatile—but, bless your heart! that is of no sort of consequence—it will only make herself and me the more fashionable.

*Lady Bab.* You are not perhaps aware, Mr. Leatherhead, of the *discoveries* that have lately been made respecting *Ammonia*.

*Leath.* Discoveries! oh ho—here comes the secret of my getting her—some *faux-pas* of Miss's, I suppose (*aside*) Why—no—my Lady, I am not—tho' I confess, when you said the philosophers were about her, I *did* feel a little alarm—for your philosopher, my Lady, is a devilish dangerous sort of fellow.

*Lady Bab.* Oh! not at all dangerous, except when an *explosion* takes place.

*Leath.* Mercy on me! the morals of your women of quality! (*aside*)—But, with submission, my Lady, what may the discoveries be that have lately been made about Miss Ammonia?

*Lady Bab.* Miss Ammonia! how well he keeps up the personification! (*aside*) It has been found that a lively, *electric spark*—

*Leath.* A spark! ay—I guess'd how it was (*aside*).

*Lady Bab.* Has produced a very interesting effect upon Ammonia.

*Leath.* I don't doubt it (*aside*)—And pray, my Lady, where did this lively spark come from?

*Lady Bab.* From the battery, Sir.

*Leath.* From the battery! ay—some young Artillery Officer, I suppose—but it can't be helped—second-hand book—a blot or two on the cover—but high-priced in the catalogue—so better for me than a new one (*aside*).

*Lady Bab.* What do you think the world will say of it?

*Leath.* Say of it, my Lady!—ah! I dare say they'll be severe enough upon it.

*Lady Bab.* Nay—there I differ with you—To expose any thing so delicately brilliant to the rigours of criticism, would be what is called putting a rainbow into a crucible!

*Leath.* Well—I hope not—but I say, my Lady, I think I have some reason to expect that, in the money arrangements between us—



*Lady Bab.* Well, Sir?

*Leath.* Why—that some additional consideration will be made to me for the little flaw in Miss's character—

*Lady Bab.* Flaw, Sir! give me leave to tell you, Sir, that the character of Ammonia has been kept up from beginning to end—

*Leath.* Oh! I dare say—pains enough taken to keep it up—but patching seldom does—and you confess yourself that your niece is rather—you know—*(putting his finger to his nose)*.

*Lady Bab.* My niece, man—what do you mean?

*Leath.* Oh! I don't mean to say that it makes any difference—but you own that your niece has been rather a comical sort of a young lady—

*Lady Bab.* My niece comical! I am thunder-struck—explain yourself, dotard, this instant—

*Leath.* Lord bless your Ladyship's heart, don't be in a passion—for, notwithstanding all this, I'll marry her in a jiffey.

*Lady Bab.* Marry her!

*Leath.* Yes—without saying one word more of her flaws or her comicalness.

*Lady Bab.* I see how it is—his brain is turned with the thoughts of being my publisher *(aside)*. Explain, idiot, if you can, the meaning of all this—

*Leath.* The meaning!—Oh! for shame, my Lady—isn't here the letter you gave me in the shop so sily, pretending it came from a great Irish druggist? *(she snatches it from him and reads it)*—and here the other, brought to me not an hour ago, in which you tell me

that I am to have Miss this very evening—and that her name is *Ammonia*, tho' she is vulgarly called *Sal* by the *apothecaries*—Oh, my Lady!

*Lady Bab.* I understand the blunder now; and this is the cause of the brute's raptures after all, instead of triumphing, as I fondly imagined, in the possession of my glorious manuscript—But I'll be revenged of him—Here, Davy, kick that impertinent bookseller out of the house.

*Davy.* I wool, my Lady.

*Lady B.* And teach the vulgar *bibliopolist* to know how superior is the love of the *nine Muses*, to that which is felt for mere *mortal* young women—the former being a pure, *empyrean* gas—the latter (to say no worse of it) mere *flammable phlogiston*!

[*Exit.*

*Davy.* I wool, my Lady—I'll teach him all that in no time (*gets between Leatherhead and the door*).

*Leath.* I'm all in a panic! (*aside*)—By your leave, young man.

*Davy.* Noa—you don't go in such a hurry—you come here, you know, to marry the young Lady, and it's I, you see, that's to perform the ceremony—only, instead of Miss's *hand*, you are to have my *foot*, you understand me.

*Leath.* One word before you proceed—I don't much mind for myself, but I have got on a poor poet's best blue breeches.

*Davy.* Don't tell me of a poet's blue breeches—I must do as mistress bid me—But come, you shall

have a fair chance at starting too—there now (*gives room for him to run past him*).

*Leath.* Bless me! bless me! that a bookseller should be obliged to carry a large *impression of Foote's Works* behind him!

[*Runs off, and Davy after him.*]

SCENE VI.—*Lighted-up Apartments, with folding Doors, within which are discovered Lady BAB, Sir CHARLES, Miss SELWYN, and Capt. CANVAS, at Cards—Miss HARTINGTON standing by them.*

*Enter DE ROSIER.*

*De Ros.* Where am I? It seems to me like a dream of enchantment, and as if this strange old man were the magician that called it up. He bid me wander fearlessly thro' these splendid apartments, and he would soon be with me—I have seen nothing, as I passed along, but rich sparkling lamps and vases breathing with flowers; and I have heard, at a distance, the sounds of sweet voices, that recall to me the times when I was gayest and happiest—(*During this speech Miss Hartington has come forward, and is now close behind him, unobserved.*)—Yes, Emily Hartington! 'twas in scenes like these I first beheld that endearing smile; first listened to the tones of that gentle voice, which must never again charm my ear—

*Miss Hart.* Mr. De Rosier!

*De Ros.* (*Starting*) Heavens! do I dream, or is

it indeed Miss Hartington?—Pardon this intrusion, Madam, but——

*Miss Hart.* Oh! call it not intrusion—there is not, in this world, one more welcome (*takes his hand*)—Yet—my father coming, and this company assembled—how can I ask him to remain? (*aside.*)

*De Ros.* Allow me to retire, Madam; I have been led into this awkwardness by a poor, but venerable old man, who is, I suppose, a menial of this house, and who invited me—(*hesitating*).

*Miss Hart.* He has come with my father—How strange, but oh! how happy! (*aside.*)—Then, you *must* stay—I insist upon your staying—

*De Rosier.* (*Turning away, but affected by her kindness.*) No—no—dear Miss Hartington!

*Sir C.* (*Who, during the few last words, has come forward—De Rosier still keeps his head turn'd away.*) What! Miss Hartington, can any one be so stoical as to resist your solicitations?—Perhaps the gentleman is going to another party—a change of party is often very refreshing. “I rat sometimes in that way myself.”

*Miss Hart.* I must not let him perceive my agitation (*aside*). Perhaps, Sir Charles, you will be more successful in prevailing upon him. [*Retires.*]

*Sir C.* Ma'am, I'll second your motion with all my heart—tho', after you, I can hardly hope to—Pray—(*tapping De Rosier on the shoulder, who turns frowningly.*)

*De Ros.* Well, Sir!

*Sir C.* The devil ! this hectoring young emigrant—oh my nerves ! (*aside*)—Ah ! took the hint, I see, and came after me—but, you observe, there are ladies here, and I'd rather put it off till to-morrow morning, if you please, or—the morning after, or—any time in the course of the winter.

*Dè Ros.* Make your mind easy, Sir,—there is not the least danger, I assure you, of our ever being antagonists, unless by some fatality *I* should grow so feeble and defenceless as to tempt *you* to become the aggressor. [*Turns away, and retires.*]

*Sir C.* Thank you, Sir, very kind indeed—What the devil right has this vapouring shopman to be here ? must turn him out—must turn him out—*enforce* the *Standing Order* for the *exclusion of strangers*—(*Turns round to look at Captain Canvas and Miss Selwyn, who have been all this time employed in an explanation about the miniature, which appears to end amicably.*) What ! my brother so close with Miss Selwyn ! um—this won't do—(*advances to them, and seems anxious to get him away from her*)—I say, my dear Captain—most happy, of course, to see you back from sea, but give me leave to tell you that, in *this* quarter, *I* am the *duly elected Representative*, while *you* are—(*with contempt.*)

*Capt. C.* What, Sir ? (*firmly.*)

*Sir C.* Oh ! simply the *Returning Officer*—and—a word in your ear (*apart*)—as you have been so unlucky here, I think you had better try *Old Sarum* yonder (*pointing to Lady Bab*).

*Capt. C.* Brother! you have robbed me of every worldly advantage, and Heaven, for its own wise purpose, seems to favour your usurpation—but *here* I have a claim (*taking Miss Selwyn's hand*), acknowledged warmly and faithfully, which never, *never*, while I have life, will I resign.

*Lady Bab.* Why, niece, are you mad? or can you seriously mean, Miss, to degrade the *standard* blood of the Blues by this *base alloy* of illegitimacy and poverty?

*Miss S.* You know already, Madam, what I think of the claims of Sir Charles (*Sir C. advances smirking towards her*)—that they are surpassed in hollowness only by his heart (*Sir C. returns to his former place, disappointed*)—Capt. Canvas has been, indeed, unfortunate; but tho' Love is often as blind as Fortune, and sometimes even puts on the bandage of that goddess, in *this* instance he sees with his own warm unerring eyes, and turns from the adopted *changeling* of Fortune, to acknowledge the true genuine inheritor of his soul (*giving her hand to Capt. Canvas*).

*Miss Hart.* How perfectly my own feelings, if I could but dare to utter them! (*aside.*)—But, see, my father!

*Sir C.* Odso—I'm quite happy—have long wished to know your father, Miss Hartington!—*Thrown out in the other*—must *canvas here* (*aside*).

*Miss Hart.* I shall have much pleasure in introducing you to him.

*Enter Mr. HARTINGTON, in his own Dress.*

*Mr. Hart.* Now for the crowning of this sweet day's task! (*aside.*)

*Miss Hart.* (*Leading Sir C. to him.*) Father! Sir Charles Canvas.

*Mr. Hart.* (*Turning round.*) Your humble servant, Sir (*Sir C. starts, and sneaks off—Mr. H. following him*)—What! do you turn away from me? the 'old pensioner'—your 'gauger-that-is-to-be?'—Go, go, weak man—When fools turn engineers of mischief, the recoil of their own artillery is the best and surest punishment of their temerity—Capt. Canvas! you are welcome—we must soon call you by another title; tho' heraldry can furnish none so honourable as that which the brave man earns for himself—Mr. De Rosier, forgive me for the embarrassment I must have caused you, by so unprepared an introduction among strangers. And, daughter! I have two more guests for your assembly, whom this gentleman (*pointing to Sir C.*), I have no doubt, will recognise with no less pleasure than he exhibited upon being presented to me.—Come, Madam (*leads in Madame De Rosier and La Fosse*).

*Sir C.* So, so—I see 'tis all over with me (*aside*).

*Mr. Hart.* This lady and her servant were present at the marriage of the late Lady Canvas, and will have much satisfaction, I doubt not, in being introduced to the rightful heir of the family, Captain Sir William Canvas.

*Mad. De Ros.* (*Addressing herself to Capt. C.*) I am happy, Sir, that it is in my power to pay a tribute to the memory of my friend, by doing justice to the rights of a son, whom, I know, she loved most tenderly.

*La Fosse.* (*Running up to Capt. C.*) Ah! den it is your ear I have pinch'd so often—Got bless my soul!

*Lady Bab.* So then, I find you are *not* Sir Charles Canvas after all?

*Sir C.* No—Ma'am—nothing but plain Charly Canvas, Esq.; to which you may add M. P. till the next *dissolution*.

*Lady Bab.* I declare that alters the result materially; and I begin to think it would not be altogether wise to trust my niece's fortune to you: for tho' you are a lively, *mercurial* fellow, yet we chemists know that gold, when *amalgamated* with *quicksilver*, becomes very brittle, and soon flies.

*Sir C.* So then—there's an end to all *my* dignities; and now that I am decidedly *out*, it is high time for me to *resign*—Brother, I wish you joy—and my Lords and Gentlemen—(Ladies and Gentlemen I mean) for any other little delinquencies I have been guilty of, I must only *throw myself on the mercy of the House*.

*Mr. Hart.* (*Coming forward with a miniature, which has, since his last speech, been given to him, with some dumb-show explanation, by Miss Schwyn and Capt. Canvas.*) Daughter! (*with assumed severity*) here is a circumstance, which requires serious explanation.



*Miss Hart.* My father!

*Mr. Hart.* You gave this miniature, of yourself, to Mr. De Rosier?

*Miss Hart.* What! I? Oh! never. Mr. De Rosier (*appealing to him*).

*De Ros.* No—Madam—you *did* not give it. I confess with shame——

*Mr. Hart.* Come, children—your friends here have let me into a secret about you—you love each other, and I rejoice, Sir, that my daughter's heart has anticipated mine in doing justice to your merits. Take her, and be happy; and may the events of this day be long remembered as a source of hope to the injured, and of warning to the unjust—of kindly omen to the faithful in love, and of sweet solace to the patient in adversity!

## FINALE.

*De Rosier, Capt. Canvas, Miss Selwyn, Miss Hartington, and Chorus.*

*De Rosier.*

How sweet the day hath ended!

Ne'er yet has sun descended

Leaving bliss

So dear as this

To gild the dreams of night.

*Chorus.* How sweet the day hath ended! &c.

*Captain Canvas and Miss Selwyn.*

The bright star yonder

As soon can wander

As I from thee,

As thou from me.

*Chorus.* How sweet the day, &c.

*Miss Hartington.*

Hope's rose had nearly perish'd,

No breath its budding cherish'd ;

But one hour,

Hath wak'd the flow'r

In Love's own tenderest light !

*Chorus.* How sweet the day, &c.

END OF THE OPERA.



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